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V I C A R
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A T A L E.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

Sperate miseri, cavete faelices.

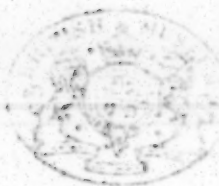
VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are an hundred faults in this Thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, an husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey, as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement whom can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire side. Such as

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



CHAP. I.

The description of the family of Wakefield; in which a kindred likeness prevails as well of minds as of persons.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony; chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who at that time could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling, and for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided her
A 3 self

6 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

self much also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; yet I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness encreased with age. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements; in visiting our rich neighbours, or relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger come to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered

remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; for literally speaking, we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, with us, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good thro' life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, and others are smitten with the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house for the first time, I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding

3 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days we began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters dutiful and blooming. When
I stood

I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II's progress through Germany, when other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had a daughter again, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no

hand in in. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would usually say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country."—"Ay, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally drawn Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were
not

not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquet into a prude, and a new set of ribbands given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a
sort

sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it would be needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and, properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

C H A P. II.

Family misfortunes. The loss of fortune only serves to encrease the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management, as to the spiritual I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I gave to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance and the bachelors to matrimony? so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there
were

14 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its utility and happiness; but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *Few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important

important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed of all, except my two daughters, to be completely pretty.

pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, that even age could not gaze with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to encrease their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it
being

being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together. I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the fly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on
another

another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of monogamy. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox. I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, and allow the old gentleman to be a
huf-

husband, if he could, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish
 " the cause of truth, and let him be an husband,
 " band, already driven to the very verge of
 " absurdity. You might as well advise me
 " to give up my fortune as my argument."
 " That fortune," returned my friend, "I am
 " now sorry to inform you is almost nothing.
 " Your merchant in town, in
 " whose hands your money was lodged,
 " has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy,
 " and it is thought has not left a
 " shilling in the pound. I was unwilling
 " to shock you or the family with the
 " account till after the wedding: but now
 " it may serve to moderate your warmth in
 " the argument; for, I suppose, your own
 " prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling
 " at least till your son has the
 " young lady's fortune secure."—"Well,"
 returned I, "if what you tell me be true,
 " and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never
 " make me a rascal, or induce me
 " to disavow my principles. I'll go this
 " moment and inform the company of
 " my circumstances; and as for the argument,
 " — ment,

“ ment, I even here retract my former con-
 “ cessions in the old gentleman’s favour,
 “ nor will I allow him now to be an hus-
 “ band either de jure, de facto, or in any
 “ sense of the expression.”

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of my misfortunes; but what others felt was slight to what the young lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only virtue that is left us unimpaired at seventy-two.

C H A P. III.

A migration. The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without such an education as could render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight passed away before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrance of sorrow. During this interval my thoughts were employed on some future means

means of supporting them; and at last a small Cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to encrease my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had now but four hundred remaining. My chief attention therefore was next to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You can't be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in hum-
- bled

“bler circumstances that peace with which
 “all may be happy. The poor live plea-
 “santly without our help, and we are not
 “so imperfectly formed as to be incapable
 “of living without theirs. No, my chil-
 “dren, let us from this moment give up
 “all pretensions to gentility; we have
 “still enough left for happiness, if we are
 “wise, and let us draw upon content for
 “the deficiencies of fortune.”

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. “You are going,” “my boy,” cried I, “to London on foot,
 “in

“ in the manner Hooker, your great an-
 “ cestor, travelled there before you. Take
 “ from me the same horse that was given
 “ him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff,
 “ and take this book too, it will be your
 “ comfort on the way : these two lines in
 “ it are worth a million, *I have been young,*
 “ *and now am old ; yet never saw I the*
 “ *righteous man forsaken, or his seed beg-*
 “ *ging their bread.* Let this be your con-
 “ solation as you travel on. Go, my boy,
 “ whatever be thy fortune let me see thee
 “ once a year ; still keep a good heart, and
 “ farewell.” As he was possesst of inte-
 grity and honour, I was under no appre-
 hensions from throwing him naked into
 the amphitheatre of life ; for I knew he
 would act a good part whether he rose or
 fell.

His departure only prepared the way for
 our own, which arrived a few days after-
 wards. The leaving a neighbourhood in
 which we had enjoyed so many hours of
 tranquillity, was not without a tear, which
 scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Be-
 sides,

sides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to encrease it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would encrease the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly 'Squire Thornhill,' who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than the pleasures it afforded, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful

and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph, nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in cloaths that
once

once were laced. His person was well formed, though his face was marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, Sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me, has shewn me that there is still some benevolence left among us. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to remit it as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which, I hope, by to-morrow will be

“found passable.” I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay to supper. The stranger’s conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchel, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road-side, observing, with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed perfectly to understand. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had
been

been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependant on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical, men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence" — "Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell, "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they all were upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic ex-

"treme. He early began to aim at the
 "qualifications of the soldier and scho-
 "lar ; was soon distinguished in the army,
 "and had some reputation among men of
 "learning. Adulation ever follows the
 "ambitious ; for such alone receive most
 "pleasure from flattery. He was sur-
 "rounded with crowds, who shewed him
 "only one side of their character ; so that
 "he began to lose a regard for private
 "interest in universal sympathy. He
 "loved all mankind ; for fortune prevented
 "him from knowing that there were rascals.
 "Physicians tell us of a disorder in which
 "the whole body is so exquisitely sensible,
 "that the slightest touch gives pain : what
 "some have thus suffered in their pe-
 "sons, this gentleman felt in his mind.
 "The slightest distress, whether real or fic-
 "titious, touched him to the quick, and
 "his soul laboured under a sickly sensibi-
 "lity of the miseries of others. Thus dis-
 "posed to relieve, it will be easily con-
 "jectured, he found numbers disposed to so-
 "licit : his profusions began to impair his
 "fortune, but not his good-nature ; that,
 "indeed,

“ indeed, was seen to encrease as the other
“ seemed to decay : he grew improvident
“ as he grew poor ; and though he talked
“ like a man of sense, his actions were those
“ of a fool. Still, however, being sur-
“ rounded with importunity, and no lon-
“ ger able to satisfy every request that was
“ made him, instead of *money* he gave *pro-*
“ *mises*. They were all he had to bestow,
“ and he had not resolution enough to give
“ any man pain by a denial. By this
“ means he drew round him crowds of de-
“ pendants, whom he was sure to disap-
“ point ; yet wished to relieve. These hung
“ upon him for a time, and left him with
“ merited reproaches and contempt. But
“ in proportion as he became contemptible
“ to others, he became despicable to him-
“ self. His mind had leaned upon their
“ adulation, and that support taken way,
“ he could find no pleasure in the ap-
“ plause of his heart, which he had never
“ learnt to reverence itself. The world now
“ began to wear a different aspect ; the flat-
“ tery of his friends began to dwindle into
“ simple approbation, that soon took the

“ more friendly form of advice, and ad-
 “ vice when rejected ever begets reproaches.
 “ He now found that such friends as bene-
 “ fits hath gathered round him, were by no
 “ means the most estimable : it was now
 “ found that a man’s own heart must be
 “ ever given to gain that of another.
 “ I now found, that — but I forget
 “ what I was going to observe : in
 “ short, sir, he resolved to respect him-
 “ self, and laid down a plan of restoring
 “ his shattered fortune. For this pur-
 “ pose, in his own whimsical man-
 “ ner he travelled through Europe on
 “ foot, and before he attained the age of
 “ thirty, his circumstances were more afflu-
 “ ent than ever. At present, therefore,
 “ his bounties are more rational and mo-
 “ derate than before ; but still he preserves
 “ the character of an humourist, and
 “ finds most pleasure in eccentric vir-
 “ tues.”

My attention was so much taken up by
 Mr. Burchell’s account, that I scarce
 “ looked forward as we went along, till
 we

we were alarmed by the cries of my family, when turning. I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she would have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were all refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as he was going to a different

part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey. My wife observing as we went, that she liked Mr. Burchell extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this strain: one almost at the verge of beggary thus to assume language of the most insulting affluence, might excite the ridicule of ill-nature; but I was never much displeased with those innocent delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAP. IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness and delight which depend not on circumstance, but constitution.

THE place of our new retreat was in a little neighboured, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniencies of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained a primæval simplicity of manners, and frugal by long habit, scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with chearfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and

and religiously cracked nuts on Allhallow eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighboured came out to meet their minister, drest in their finest cloaths, and preceded by a pipe and tabor : also a feast was provided for our reception, at which we sat chearfully down ; and what the conversation wanted in wit, we made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before ; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pound for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures : the elms and hedge rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness ; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing.

designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not seem to want rich furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of my children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife
and

and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without other guests: sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company, while one played the pipes, another would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's last good night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began

began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the Lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters; yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down
came

came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour: their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.—“Surely, my dear, you jest,” cried my wife, “we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now.” “You mistake, child,” returned I, “we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us for a show.”——“Indeed,” replied my wife, “I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.”——“You may be as neat as you please,” interrupted I, “and I shall love you the better for it; but
— all

“ all this is not neatness, but frippery.
 “ These ruffings, and pinkings, and patch-
 “ ings, will only make us hated by all the
 “ wives of all our neighbours. No, my
 “ children,” continued I, more gravely,
 “ those gowns may be altered into some-
 “ thing of a plainer cut; for finery is
 “ very unbecoming in us, who want the
 “ means of decency. I don’t know whe-
 “ ther such flouncing and shredding is be-
 “ coming even in the rich, if we consider,
 “ upon a moderate calculation, that the
 “ nakedness of the indigent world may be
 “ cloathed from the trimmings of the
 “ vain.”

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoates for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by being thus curtailed.

C H A P.

CHAP. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced. *What we place most hopes upon, generally proves most fatal.*

AT a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, over-shaded by an hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually all sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung

sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life might bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil: but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen
come

come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprize, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman who rode foremost, past us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chace, stopt short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family, and such was the power of fortune and fine cloaths, that he found

found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a chearful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him:

him : my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern, while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at ; for he always ascribed to his wit that laughter which was lavished at his simplicity : my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his cloaths, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave ; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit ; for that she had known even stranger things at last brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best
of

of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinkles should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why one got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery, and another fate down with a blank. "But those," added I, "who either aim at husbands greater than themselves, or at the ten thousand pound prize, have been fools for their ridiculous claims, whether successful or not." "I protest, Charles," cried my wife, this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. Tell me Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"—"Immensely so, indeed, Mamma," replied she. "I think he has a great deal to say upon every thing, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say; and what is more, I protest he is very handsome."—"Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; — but,

“ but, for my part, I don’t much like him;
 “ he is so extremely impudent and fami-
 “ liar ; but on the guitar he is shocking.”
 These two last speeches I interpreted by
 contraries. I found by this, that Sophia
 internally despised, as much as Olivia se-
 cretly admired him.—“ Whatever may
 “ be your opinions of him, my children,”
 cried I, “ to confess a truth, he has not
 “ prepossessed me in his favour. Dispropor-
 “ tioned friendships ever terminate in dis-
 “ gust ; and I thought, notwithstanding all
 “ his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible
 “ of the distance between us. Let us
 “ keep to companions of our own rank.
 “ There is no character among men more
 “ contemptible than that of a fortune-
 “ hunter, and I can see no reason why
 “ fortune-hunting women should not be
 “ contemptible too. Thus, at best, it will
 “ be contempt if his views are honoura-
 “ ble ; but if they are otherwise ! I should
 “ shudder but to think of that ; for though
 “ I have no apprehensions from the con-
 “ duct of my children, I think there are
 “ some from his character.” — I would
 have

have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the 'Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the centinel.

C H A P. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

AS we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally concluded upon, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. “ I am sorry,” cried I, “ that we have no neighbour or stranger to take a part in this good cheer : feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.”— “ Bless me,” cried my wife, “ here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.”——“ Confute me in argument, child !” cried I. “ You mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that : I never dispute
“ your

“ your abilities at making a goose-pye, and
 “ I beg you’ll leave argument to me.”——
 As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the
 house, and was welcomed by the family,
 who shook him heartily by the hand, while
 little Dick officiously reached him a
 chair.

I was pleased with the poor man’s friend-
 ship for two reasons; because I knew that
 he wanted mine, and I knew him to be
 friendly as far as he was able. He was
 known in our neighbourhood by the cha-
 racter of the poor Gentleman that would
 do no good when he was young, though
 he was not yet above thirty. He would at
 intervals talk with great good sense; but in
 general he was fondest of the company of
 children, whom he used to call harmless
 little men. He was famous, I found, for
 singing them ballads, and telling them sto-
 ries; and seldom went without something
 in his pockets for them, a piece of ginger-
 bread or a halfpenny whistle. He gene-
 rally came into our neighbourhood once a
 year, and lived upon the neighbours hos-
 pitality,

pitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grissel. The adventures of Catskin next entertained them, and then Fair Rosamond's bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him; "And I," cried Bill, will give Mr. Burchill my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."—"Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow creature. The greatest stranger in this world, was he that came to save it. He never had an
house,

“ house, as if willing to see what hospital-
 “ lity was left remaining amongst us.
 “ Deborah, my dear,” cried I, to my wife;
 “ give those boys a lump of sugar each,
 “ and let Dick’s be the largest, because he
 “ spoke first.”

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly, we turned the swath to the wind, I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in her’s, and enter into a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia’s understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night

at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. "What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature, where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command! Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit, are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful." Prompted, perhaps, by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reprov-
ed. "Whatsoever his former conduct may be, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His pre-
sent

“ sent indigence is a sufficient punishment
 “ for former folly ; and I have heard my
 “ papa himself say, that we should never
 “ strike our unnecessary blow at a victim
 “ over whom providence already holds the
 “ scourge of its resentment.”——“ You
 “ are right, Sophy,” cried my son Moses,
 “ and one of the ancients finely represents
 “ so malicious a conduct, by the attempts
 “ of a rustic to slay Marfyas, whose skin,
 “ the fable tells us, had been wholly stript
 “ off by another. Besides, I don’t know
 “ if this poor man’s situation be so bad as
 “ my father would represent it. We are
 “ not to judge of the feelings of others by
 “ what we might feel if in their place.
 “ However dark the habitation of the mole
 “ to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds
 “ the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And
 “ to confess a truth, this man’s mind seems
 “ fitted to his station ; for I never heard
 “ any one more sprightly than he was to-
 “ day, when he conversed with you.”——
 This was said without the least design, how-
 ever it excited a blush, which she strove
 to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him
 C 4 that

that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her ; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve ; but I repress my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison patty ; Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones : my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest ; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother ; but little Dick informed me in a whisper that they were making a *wash* for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to ; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

C H A P. VII.

A town wit described. The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next ale-house: but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, the family was pinched for three Weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident, in some measure relieved our embarrassment;

C 5

barraſment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill obſerved with an oath, that he never knew any thing more abſurd than calling ſuch a fright a beauty: “For ſtrike me
“ugly,” continued he, “if I ſhould not find
“as much pleaſure in chooſing my miſtreſs
“by the information of a lamp under the
“clock at St. Dunſtan’s.” At this he laughed, and ſo did we:—the jeſts of the rich are ever ſucceſſful. Olivia too could not avoid whiſpering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my uſual toaſt, the church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he ſaid the church was the only miſtreſs of his affections.—
“Come tell us honeſtly, Frank,” ſaid the ‘Squire, with his uſual archneſs, “ſuppoſe
“the church, your preſent miſtreſs, dreſt
“in lawn ſleeves, on one hand, and
“Miſs Sophia, with no lawn about her,
“on the other, which would you be for?”
“For both to be ſure,” cried the chaplain—“Right Frank,” cried the ‘Squire;
“for

“ for may this glass suffocate me but a fine
 “ girl is worth all the priestcraft in the na-
 “ tion. For what are tythes and tricks but
 “ an imposition, all a confounded impos-
 “ ture, and I can prove it.”——“ I wish
 “ you would,” cried my son Moses, “ and
 “ I think,” continued he, “ that I should be
 “ able to combat in the opposition.——
 “ Very well, Sir,” cried the 'Squire, who
 immediately ~~smoked~~ him, and winking on
 the rest of the company, to prepare us for
 the sport, “ if you are for a cool argument
 “ upon that subject, I am ready to accept
 “ the challenge. And first, whether are
 “ you for managing it analogically, or di-
 “ alogically?” “ I am for managing it
 “ rationally,” cried Moses, quite happy at
 being permitted to dispute. “ Good
 “ again,” cried the 'Squire, “ and firstly, of
 “ the first. I hope you'll not deny that
 “ whatever is is. If you don't grant me
 “ that, I can go no further.”——Why,”
 returned Moses, “ I think I may grant
 “ that, and make the best of it.”——
 “ I hope too,” returned the other, “ you'll
 “ grant that a part is less than the whole.”
 “ I grant.

“ I grant that too,” cried Moses, “ it is but
“ just and reasonable.”——“ I hope,” cried
the 'Squire, you will not deny, “ that the
“ two angles of a triangle are equal to two
“ right ones.”——“ Nothing can be plainer,”
return t'other, and looked round with his
usual importance——“ Very well,” cri-
ed the 'Squire speaking very quick, “ the
“ premises being thus settled, I proceed to
“ observe, that the concatenation of self
“ existences, proceeding in a reciprocal
“ duplicate ratio, naturally produce a pro-
“ blematical dialogism, which in some mea-
“ sure proves that the essence of spiri-
“ tuality may be referred to the second
“ predicable”——“ Hold, hold,” cried the
other, “ I deny that : Do you think I can
“ thus tamely submit to such heterodox
“ doctrines ?”——“ What,” replied the
'Squire, as if in a passion, “ not submit !
“ Answer me one plain question : Do you
“ think Aristotle right when he says, that
“ relatives are related ?” “ undoubtedly,”
replied the other.——“ If so then,” cried
the 'Squire, “ answer me directly to what I
“ propose : Whether do you judge the
“ analytical

“ analytical investigation of the first part
 “ of my enthymem deficient secundum
 “ quoad, or quoad minus, and give me your
 “ reasons too : give me your reasons, I say,
 “ directly,”——“ I protest,” cried Moses,
 “ I don’t rightly comprehend the force of
 “ your reasoning ; but if it be reduced to
 “ one simple proposition, I fancy it may
 “ then have an answer,”——“ O, sir,” cried
 the ‘Squire, “ I am your most humble ser-
 “ vant, I find you want me to furnish you
 “ with argument and intellects both. No,
 “ sir, there I protest you are too hard for
 “ me.” This effectually raised the laugh
 against poor Moses, who sate the only dis-
 mal figure in a groupe of merry faces : nor
 did he offer a single syllable more during
 the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure
 it had a very different effect upon Olivia,
 who mistook this humour, which was a
 mere act of the memory, for real wit. She
 thought him therefore a very fine gentle-
 man ; and such as consider what powerful
 ingredients a good figure, fine cloaths, and
 fortune,

fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising then that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it when found in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some
" ambition,

“ ambition, and you now see that I was
“ right ; for who knows how this may end ?”
“ Ay, who knows that indeed ?” answered I,
with a groan : “ for my own part I don’t
“ much like it ; and I could have been better
“ pleased with one that was poor and honest,
“ than this fine gentleman with his fortune
“ and infidelity ; for depend on’t ; if he be
“ what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall
“ ever have a child of mine.

“ Sure, father,” cried Moses, “ you are
“ too severe in this ; for heaven will never
“ arraign him for what he thinks, but for
“ what he does. Every man has a thou-
“ sand vicious thoughts, which arise with
“ out his power to suppress. Thinking
“ freely of religion, may be involuntary
“ with this gentleman : so that allowing
“ his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is
“ purely passive in their reception, he is
“ no more to be blamed for their incursions,
“ than the governor of a city without walls
“ for the shelter he is obliged to afford an
“ invading enemy.”

“ True,

“ True, my son,” cried I ; “ but if the
 “ governor invites the enemy, there he is
 “ justly culpable. And such is always the
 “ case with those who embrace error. The
 “ vice does not lie in assenting to the
 “ proofs they see ; but in being blind to
 “ many of the proofs that offer. Like
 “ corrupt judges on a bench, they deter-
 “ mine right on that part of the evidence
 “ they hear ; but they will not hear all the
 “ evidence. Thus, my son, though our
 “ erroneous opinions be involuntary when
 “ formed, yet as we have been wilfully
 “ corrupt, or very negligent in forming
 “ them, we deserve punishment for our
 “ vice, or contempt for our folly.”

My wife now kept up the conversation,
 though not the argument : she observed,
 that several very prudent men of our ac-
 quaintance were free-thinkers, and made
 very good husbands ; and she knew some
 sensible girls that had skill enough to make
 converts of their spouses : “ And who
 “ knows, my dear,” continued she, “ what
 “ Olivia may be able to do ? The girl has
 “ a great

“ a great deal to say upon every subject,
“ and to my knowledge is very well skilled
“ in controversy.”

“ Why, my dear, what controversy can
“ she have read ?” cried I. “ It does not
“ occur to my memory that I ever put such
“ books into her hands : you certainly over-
“ rate her merit.” “ Indeed, papa,” re-
plied Olivia, “ she does not : I have read a
“ great deal of controversy. I have read
“ the disputes between Thwackum and
“ Square ; the controversy between Robin-
“ son Crusoe and Friday the savage, and I am
“ now employed in reading the controversy
“ in Religious courtship.”—“ Very well,”
cried I, “ that’s a good girl, I find you are
“ perfectly qualified for making converts,
“ and so go help your mother to make the
“ gooseberry-pye.”

C H A P. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner, call

call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbands, her's was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell seemed to give cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. "I never sit thus," says Sophia, "but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay who were struck dead in each other's arms under a barley mow. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture." — "In my opinion," cried my son, "the finest strokes in that description are much below

“ below those in the *Acis* and *Galatea* of
 “ Ovid. The Roman poet understands the
 “ use of *contrast* better, and upon that figure
 “ artfully managed all strength in the pathe-
 “ tic depends.”—“ It is remarkable,” cried
 Mr. Burchell, “ that both the poets you
 “ mention have equally contributed to in-
 “ troduce a false taste into their respective
 “ countries, by loading all their lines with
 “ epithet. Men of little genius found
 “ them most easily imitated in their defects,
 “ and English poetry, like that in the latter
 “ empire of Rome, is nothing at present but
 “ a combination of luxuriant images, with-
 “ out plot or connexion ; a string of epithets
 “ that improve the sound, without carrying
 “ on the sense. But perhaps, madam, while
 “ I thus reprehend others, you’ll think it
 “ just that I should give them an opportu-
 “ nity to retaliate, and indeed I have made
 “ this remark only to have an opportunity
 “ of introducing to the company a
 “ ballad, which, whatever be its other
 “ defects, is, I think, at least free from
 “ those I have mentioned.”

A B A L L A D.

A B A L L A D.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way,

“ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow ;

“ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
“ Seem lengthening as I go.”

Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;

“ For yonder phantom only flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want,
“ My door is open still ;

“ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;

“ My rushy couch and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,
“ To slaughter I condemn :

“ Taught

70 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

“ Taught by that power that pities me,
“ I learn to pity them.

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side,
“ A guiltless feast I bring ;

“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
“ For earth-born cares are wrong :

“ Man wants but little here below,
“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The grateful stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far shelter’d in a glade obscure
The modest mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir’d a master’s care ;
The door just opening with a latch,
Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And

And now when wordly crowds retire

To revels or to rest,

The hermit trimm'd his little fire,

And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,

And gayly prest, and smil'd;

And skill'd in legendary lore,

The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth

Its tricks the kitten tries,

The cricket chirrup in the hearth;

The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart

To sooth the strangers woe;

For grief was heavy at his heart,

And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,

With answering care oppress'd :

“ And whence, unhappy youth,” he cry'd,

“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,

“ Reluctant dost thou rove ;

“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,

“ Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas!

72 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

“ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
“ Are trifling and decay ;
“ And those who prize the paltry things,
“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
“ A charm that lulls to sleep ;
“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
“ But leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
“ The haughty fair one’s jest :
“ On earth unseen, or only found
“ To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
“ And spurn the sex,” he said :
But while he spoke a rising blush
The bashful guest betray’d.

He sees unnumber’d beauties rise,
Expanding to the view ;
Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confess
A maid in all her charms.

“ And

- “ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
“ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d ;
“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
“ Where heav’n and you reside.
- “ But let a maid thy pity share,
“ Whom love has taught to stray ;
“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
“ Companion of her way.
- “ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
“ A wealthy Lord was he ;
“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
“ He had but only me.
- “ To win me from his tender arms,
“ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
“ And felt or feign’d a flame.
- “ Each morn the gay phantastic crowd,
“ With richest proffers strove :
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
“ But never talk’d of love.
- “ In humble simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth nor pow’r had he ;
“ A constant heart was all he had,
“ But that was all to me.

- " The blossom opening to the day,
 " The dews of heav'n refin'd,
 " Could nought of purity display,
 " To emulate his mind.
- " The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 " With charms inconstant shine ;
 " Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 " Their constancy was mine.
- " For still I try'd each fickle art,
 " Importunate and vain ;
 " And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 " I triumph'd in his pain.
- " Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 " He left me to my pride ;
 " And sought a solitude forlorn,
 " In secret where he dy'd.
- " But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 " And well my life shall pay ;
 " I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 " And stretch me where he lay.
- " And there forlorn despairing hid,
 " I'll lay me down and die :
 " 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 " And so for him will I."

" Thou

"Thou shalt not thus," the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
"My charmer, turn to see,
"Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
"Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And ev'ry care resign :

"And shall we never, never part,
"O thou—my all that's mine.

"No, never, from this hour to part,
"We'll live and love so true ;

"The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
"Shall break thy Edwin's too."

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to fix an ear of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the 'Squire's chaplain, who

had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual discovered her pride in a whisper, observing, that Sophy had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the 'Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight, on the grass-plot before our door.

“ Nor

“ Nor can I deny,” continued he, “ but I
 “ have an interest in being first to deliver
 “ this message, as I expect for my reward
 “ to be honoured with miss Sophy’s hand
 “ as a partner”. To this my girl replied,
 that she should have no objection, if
 she could do it with honour: “ But here,”
 continued she, “ is a gentleman,” looking
 at Mr. Burchell, “ who has been my com-
 “ panion in the task for the day, and it is
 “ fit he should share in its amusements.”
 Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment
 for her intentions; but resigned her up
 to the chaplain, adding that he was to go
 that night five miles, being invited to an
 harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me
 a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive
 how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could
 thus prefer a middle aged man of broken
 fortune to a sprightly young fellow of twenty-
 two. But as men are most capable of distin-
 guishing merit in women, so the ladies often
 form the truest judgments upon us. The
 two sexes seem placed as spies upon each
 other, and are furnished with different abi-
 lities, adapted for mutual inspection.

C H A P. IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced.
Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

MR. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us that the 'Squire was come, with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies richly drest, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want
of

of ladies also to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But there was an unlucky circumstance which was not adverted to ; though the Miss Flamboroughts were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the roundabout to perfection ; yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us : however, after a little shoving and dragging, they began to go merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright, Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators ; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself.

The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flam-borough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the *living jingo*, she was all of a muck of sweat. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespear, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom

tom of their distinction, (tho' I am since informed swearing is now perfectly unfashionable.) Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy ; and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing, My wife warmly assented to both ; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune ; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. — “ And what pleasures,” cried Mr. Thornhill, “ do they not deserve, who “ have so much in their power to bestow ?

“ As for my part,” continued he, “ my
 “ fortune is pretty large, love, liberty, and
 “ pleasure, are my maxims ; but curse me if
 “ a settlement of half my estate could give
 “ my charming Olivia pleasure, it should
 “ be hers ; and the only favour I would
 “ ask in return would be to add myself to
 “ the benefit.” I was not such a stranger
 to the world as to be ignorant that this was
 the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence
 of the basest proposal ; but I made an effort
 to suppress my resentment. “ Sir,” cried I,
 “ the family which you now condescend to
 “ favour with your company, has been bred
 “ with as nice a sense of honour as you.
 “ Any attempts to injure that, may be at-
 “ tended with very dangerous consequences.
 “ Honour, Sir, is our only possession at pre-
 “ sent, and of that last treasure we must be
 “ particularly careful.”——I was soon sorry
 for the warmth with which I had spoken
 this, when the young gentleman, grasping
 my hand, swore he commended my spirit,
 though he disapproved my suspicions. “ As
 “ to your present hint, continued he,” “ I
 “ protest nothing was farther from my heart
 “ than

“ than such a thought. No, by all that’s
“ tempting, the virtue that will stand a
“ regular siege was never to my taste ; for
“ all my amours are carried by a coup de
“ main.”

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue : in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined ; and the 'Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and the sun-shine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was well pleased that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by such good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal, and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part from
my

my daughters ; for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The 'Squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties: the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed ; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal ; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

The family endeavours to cope with their betters. The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I Now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows now again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing

nishing George's shirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespear, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsey come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closetted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their
their

their returning, that they had been promised something great.—“ Well, my girls, how “ have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the “ fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth?” —“ I protest, papa,” says the girl, with a serious face, “ I believe she deals with “ some body that’s not right; for she posi- “ tively declared, that I am to be married “ to a great ‘Squire in less than a twelve- “ month?”——“ Well now, Sophy, ‘my “ child,” said I, “ and what sort of a husband “ are you to have?” Sir,” replied she, “ I “ am to have a Lord soon after my sister has “ been married to the ‘Squire.”——“ How, “ cried I, “ is that all you are to have for “ your two shillings! Only a Lord and a “ ‘Squire for two shillings! You fools, I “ could have promised you a prince and Na- “ bob for half the money.”

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars for something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we call up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the 'Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning, with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross bones, the sign of an approaching wedding: at another time she imagined her daughter's pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being one day stuffed with gold. The girls had their omens too: they felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked at the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies ; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus.—“ I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.”—“ Perhaps we may, my dear,” returned I ; “ though you need be under no uneasiness about that, you shall have a sermon whether there be or not.”—“ That is what I expect,” returned she ; “ but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen ?” “ Your precautions,” replied I, “ are highly commendable. A
“ decent

“ decent behaviour and appearance in church
 “ is what charms me. We should be devout
 “ and humble, chearful and serene.”—
 “ Yes,” cried she, “ I know that ; but I mean
 “ we should go there in as proper a manner
 “ as possible ; not altogether like the scrubs
 “ about us.” “ You are quite right, my
 “ dear,” returned I, “ and I was going to
 “ make the very same proposal. The proper
 “ manner of going is, to go there as early as
 “ possible, to have time for meditation be-
 “ fore the service begins.”—“ Phoo, Charles,”
 interrupted she, “ all that is very true ;
 “ but not what I would be at. I mean, we
 “ should go there genteelly.. You know the
 “ church is two miles off, and I proteff I
 “ don’t like to see my daughters trudging
 “ up to their pew all blowzed and red with
 “ walking, and looking for all the world as
 “ if they had been winners at a smock race.
 “ Now, my dear, my proposal is this : there
 “ are our two plow horses, the Colt that has
 “ been in our family these nine years, and his
 “ companion Blackberry, that have scarce
 “ done an earthly thing for this month past,
 “ and are both grown fat and lazy. Why
 “ should

“ should not they do something as well as
“ we? And, let me tell you, when Moses has
“ trimmed them a little, they will not be so
“ contemptible.”

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the Colt wanted a tail: that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were over-ruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of much time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was encreased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family.

mily. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, tho' the foot-way was but two, and when got about half way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demand the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it might give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

C H A P. XI.

The family still resolves to hold up their heads.

ALLHALLOWS eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's-wool even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was thought excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all, except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter
was

was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad singer, when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamboorough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but

but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad : but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry ; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters ; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia ; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

“ All that I know of the matter,” cried Miss Skeggs, “ is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true : but this I can assure

“sure your Ladyship, that the whole rout
“was in amaze; his Lordship turned all
“manner of colours, my Lady fell into
“a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his
“sword, swore he was her’s to the last drop
“of his blood.

“Well,” replied our Peerefs, “this I
“can say, that the Dutcheffs never told me
“a syllable of the matter, and I believe
“her Grace would keep nothing a secret
“from me. But this you may depend upon
“as fact, that the next morning my Lord
“Duke cried out three times to his valet
“de chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan,
“bring me my garters.”

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, fate with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

“ Besides, my dear Skeggs,” continued our Peerefs, “ there is nothing of this in
 “ the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made
 “ upon the occasion.”

“ I am surprised at that,” cried Miss Skeggs; “ for he seldom leaves any thing
 “ out, as he writes only for his own amuse-
 “ ment. But can your Ladyship favour me
 “ with a sight of them ?”

“ My dear creature,” replied our Peerefs,
 “ do you think I carry such things about
 “ me ? Though they are very fine to be
 “ sure, and I think myself something of a
 “ judge ; at least I know what pleases my-
 “ self. Indeed I was ever an admirer of
 “ all Doctor Burdock’s little pieces ; for
 “ except what he does, and our dear Coun-
 “ tefs at Hanover-Square, there’s nothing
 “ comes out but the most lowest stuff in na-
 “ ture ; not a bit of high life among them.”

“ Your Ladyship should except,” says
 t’other, “ your own things in the Lady’s
 “ Magazine. I hope you’ll say there’s no-
 “ thing

“ thing low lived there ; but I suppose
“ we are to have no more from that quar-
“ ter ?”

“ Why, my dear,” says the lady, “ you
“ know my reader and companion has left
“ me, to be married to captain Roch,
“ and as my poor eyes won’t suffer me to
“ write myself, I have been for some time
“ looking out for another. A proper per-
“ son is no easy matter to find, and to be
“ sure thirty pounds a year is a small sti-
“ pend for a well-bred girl of character,
“ that can read, write, and behave
“ in company ; as for the chits about
“ town, there is no bearing them about
“ one.”

“ That I know,” cried Miss Skeggs,
“ by experience. For of the three compa-
“ nions I had this last half year, one of
“ them refused to do plain work an hour
“ in the day, another thought twenty-five
“ guineas a year too small a salary, and I,
“ was obliged to send away the third, be-
“ cause I suspected an intrigue with the
“ chaplain,

“ chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney,
 “ virtue is worth any price ; but where is
 “ that to be found ?”

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse ; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation ; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. “ I hope,” cried she, “ your Ladyships will pardon my present
 “ presumption. It is true, we have no right to
 “ pretend to such favours ; but yet it is na-
 “ tural for me to wish putting my children
 “ forward

“ forward in the world. And I will be
“ bold to say my two girls have had a pret-
“ ty good education, and capacity, at least
“ the country can’t shew better. They can
“ read, write, and cast accompts; they un-
“ derstand their needle, breadstitch, cross
“ and change, and all manner of plainwork;
“ they can pink, point, and frill;
“ and know something of music; they
“ can do up small cloaths, work upon
“ catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and
“ my youngest has a very pretty manner of
“ telling fortunes upon the cards.”

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: “ But a
“ thing of this kind, Madam,” cried she, addressing my spouse, “ requires a thorough
“ examination into characters, and a more

“ perfect knowledge of each other. Not
“ Madam,” continued she, “ that I in the
“ least suspect the young ladies virtue, pru-
“ dence and discretion ; but there is a form
“ in these things, Madam, there is a form.”

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself ; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character : but this our Peerefs declined as unnecessary, alledging that her cousin Thornhill’s recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

C H A P. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the 'Squire's recommendation ; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme : " Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."——" Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.——" What only pretty well !" returned she. " I think it is very well. Suppose the girls
E 4 " should

“ should come to make acquaintances of
 “ taste in town! and this I am assured of,
 “ that London is the only place in the world
 “ for all manner of husbands. Besides, my
 “ dear, stranger things happen every day :
 “ and as ladies of quality are so taken with
 “ my daughters, what will not men of qua-
 “ lity be ! Entre nous, I protest I like my
 “ Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging.
 However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Ame-
 “ lia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet,
 “ when they came to talk of places in town,
 “ you saw how at once how I nailed them.
 “ Tell me, my dear, don’t you think I did
 “ for my children there ?”——“ Ay,” re-
 turned I, not knowing well what to think of
 the matter, “ heaven grant they may be
 “ both the better for it this day three
 “ months !” This was one of those observa-
 tions I usually made to impress my wife with
 an opinion of my sagacity ; for if the girls
 succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled :
 but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it
 might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this
 conversation, however, was only preparatory
 to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as
 much.

much. This was nothing less than, that as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the Colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him

with this commission, and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the Colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloath they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendations.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family

mily followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such a pleasing account from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous enquiries more they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. “ Ay,” cried my wife, “ I now see it is no “ easy matter to get into the families of the “ great ; but when one once gets in, then as “ Moses says, they may go sleep.” To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand to her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them and gave them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weesel skin purse, as being the most lucky ;
but

but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. — This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. “I never doubted, Sir,” cried she, “your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.” — “Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam,” replied he, “is not the present question; tho’ as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will.” — As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder

wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall
 “ —Never mind our son,” cried my wife,
 “ depend upon it he knows what he is
 “ about. I’ll warrant we’ll never see him
 “ sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen
 “ him buy such bargains as would amaze
 “ one. I’ll tell you a good story about
 “ that, that will make you split your sides
 “ with laughing——But as I live, yonder
 “ comes Moses, without an horse, and the
 “ box at his back.”

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders.—“ Welcome,
 “ welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what
 “ have you brought us from the fair?”——
 “ I have brought you myself,” cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—“ Ay, Moses,” cried my wife,
 “ that we know, but where is the horse?”
 “ I have sold him,” cried Moses, “ for three
 “ pounds five shillings and two-pence.”——
 “ Well done, my good boy,” returned she, “ I knew you would touch them off.
 “ Between

"Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a groce of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A groce of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the Colt, and brought us back nothing but a groce of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What," cried my wife, "not silver,

"silver, the rims not silver!" "No," cried I, "no more silver than your sauce-pan."——"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the Colt, and have only got a groce of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong, he should not have known them at all."——"Marry, hang the idiot," returned she again, "to bring me such stuff, if I had them, I would throw them into the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception.

He

He sold the horse, it seems; and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under a pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed; who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these; saying, that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them; and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough; and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two groce between us."

C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous

" tageous to the weaker side: the rich
 " having the pleasure, and the poor the in-
 " conveniencies that result from them.
 " But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the
 " fable that you were reading to-day, for
 " the good of the company."

" Once upon a time," cried the child,
 " a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and
 " kept together. They made a bargain
 " that they would never forsake each
 " other, but go seek adventures. The
 " first battle they fought was with two
 " Saracens, and the Dwarf, who was very
 " courageous, dealt one of the champions
 " a most angry blow. It did the Saracen
 " but very little injury, who lifting up
 " his sword fairly struck off the poor
 " Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful
 " plight; but the Giant coming to his
 " assistance, in a short time left the two
 " Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf
 " cut off the dead man's head out of spite.
 " They then travelled on to another adven-
 " ture. This was against three bloody-
 " minded Satyrs, who were carrying away
 " a damsel

“ a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was
 “ not quite so fierce now as before ; but
 “ for all that, struck the first blow, which
 “ was returned by another, that knocked
 “ out his eye : but the Giant was soon up
 “ with them, and had they not fled, would
 “ certainly have killed them every one.
 “ They were all very joyful for this victory,
 “ ry, and the damsel who was relieved fell
 “ in love with the Giant, and married him.
 “ They now travelled far, and farther than
 “ I can tell, till they met with a company
 “ of robbers. The Giant, for the first
 “ time, was foremost now : but the Dwarf
 “ was not far behind. The battle was
 “ stout and long. Wherever the Giant
 “ came all fell before him ; but the Dwarf
 “ had like to have been killed more than
 “ once. At last the victory declared for
 “ the two adventurers ; but the Dwarf
 “ lost his leg. The Dwarf was now
 “ without an arm, a leg, and an eye,
 “ while the Giant, who was without a single
 “ wound, cried out to him, Come
 “ on, my little heroe ; this is glorious
 “ sport ; let us get one victory more,
 “ and

" and then we shall have honour for ever.
 " No, cries the Dwarf, who was by this time
 " grown wiser; no, I declare off; I'll fight
 " no more: for I find in every battle that
 " you get all the honour and rewards, but
 " all the blows fall upon me."

I was going to moralize this fable, when
 our attention was called off to a warm dis-
 pute between my wife and Mr. Burchell;
 upon my daughters intended expedition to
 town. My wife very strenuously, insisted
 upon the advantages that would result from
 it. Mr. Burchell; on the contrary, dis-
 suaded her with great ardor, and I stood
 neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but
 the second part of those which were re-
 ceived with so ill a grace in the morning.
 The dispute grew high, while poor De-
 borah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked
 louder, and at last was obliged to take
 shelter from a defeat in clamour. The
 conclusion of her harangue, however, was
 highly displeasing to us all: she knew she
 said, of some who had their own secret
 reasons for what they advised; but, for her
 part,

part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future.—“Madam,” cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to enflame her the more, “as for secret reasons, you are right: “I have secret reasons, which I forbear to “mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but “I find my visits here are become troublesome; I’ll take my leave therefore now, “and perhaps come once more to take a “final farewell when I am quitting the country.” Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: “How, woman,” cried I to her, “is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus “we return their kindness? Be assured, my “dear, that these were the harshest words, “and

“ and to me the most unpleasing that ever
 “ escaped your lips!”——“ Why would
 “ he provoke me then,” replied she; “ but
 “ I know the motives of his advice per-
 “ fectly well. He would prevent my girls
 “ from going to town, that he may have
 “ the pleasure of my youngest daughter’s
 “ company here at home. But whatever
 “ happens, she shall chuse better company
 “ than such low-liv’d fellows as he.”——
 “ Low-liv’d, my dear, do you call him,”
 cried I, “ it is very possible we may mistake
 “ this man’s character: for he seems upon
 “ some occasions the most finished gentle-
 “ man I ever knew.—Tell me, Sophia,
 “ my girl, has he ever given you any
 “ secret instances of his attachment?”——
 “ His conversation with me, sir,” replied
 my daughter, “ has ever been sensible, mo-
 “ dest, and pleasing. As to aught else, no,
 “ never. Once, indeed, I remember to
 “ have heard him say he never knew a wo-
 “ man who could find merit in a man
 “ that seemed poor.” “ Such, my dear,”
 cried I, “ is the common cant of all
 “ the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you
 “ have

“ have been taught to judge properly of
“ such men, and that it would be even
“ madness to expect happiness from one
“ who has been so very bad an œconomist
“ of his own. Your mother and I have
“ now better prospects for you. The next
“ winter, which you will probably spend in
“ town, will give you opportunities of mak-
“ ing a more prudent choice.”

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I can't pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little: but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to punish by accusing.

C H A P. XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without some expence. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished, it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plow, without his companion, and equally unfit for the

the road, as wanting an eye. It was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair, and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps, and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, would have nothing to say to him: a second came

up ; but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home : a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money : a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts : a fifth, more impertinent than all the rest, wondered what a plague I could do to the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every new customer ; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me ; yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right, and St. Gregory, upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business to the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house and taking a glass of whatever we could get.

I readily

I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man, "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures: take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could

have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back ; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. " Sir," cried I, " the
 " applause of so good a man, as I am sure
 " you are, adds to that happiness in my
 " breast which your benevolence has already
 " excited. You behold before you, Sir,
 " that Doctor Primrose, the monogamist,
 " whom you have been pleased to call great.
 " You here see that unfortunate Divine,
 " who has so long, and it would ill become
 " me to say, successfully, fought against
 " the deuterogamy of the age." " Sir,"
 cried

cried the stranger, struck with awe, " I fear
 " I have been too familiar ; but you'll for-
 " give my curiosity, Sir : I beg pardon."
 " Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, " you
 " are so far from displeasing me by your
 " familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept
 " my friendship, as you already have all
 " my esteem."—" Then with gratitude
 " I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing
 me by the hand, " thou glorious pillar of
 " unshaken orthodoxy ; and do I behold—
 I here interrupted what he was going to
 say ; for tho', as an author, I could digest
 no small share of flattery, yet now my mo-
 desty would permit no more. However,
 no lovers in romance ever cemented a more
 instantaneous friendship. We talked upon
 several subjects : at first I thought he seemed
 rather devout than learned, and began to
 think he despised all human doctrines as
 dross. Yet this no way lessened him in
 my esteem ; for I had for some time be-
 gun privately to harbour such an opinion
 myself. I therefore took occasion to observe,
 that the world in general began to be
 blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters,

and followed human speculations too much—"Ay, Sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, "Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berofus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Affer, Affer being a Syriac word usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglat Phael-Affer, Nabon-Affer, he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate—But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question."—That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the
creation

creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of, but it was sufficient to shew me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touch-stone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject therefore insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair; mine I told him was to sell an horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered the landlady to call up his footman, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll

“ do it at neighbour Jackson’s or any where.” While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; and by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, tho’ he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, “ If that be the case then,” returned he, “ I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draught upon him, payable at sight; and let me tell you he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I.” A draught
upon

upon my neighbour was to me the same as money ; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability : the draught was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

Being now left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draught from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon having back my horse, and following the purchaser. But this was now too late : I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draught changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. " You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, " Ephraim Jenkinson." Yes," returned he, " the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too, " the greatest rascal under the canopy of " heaven. This is the very same rogue who " sold us the spectacles. Was he not, a ve-

“nerable looking man, with grey hair, and
 “no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he
 “not talk a long string of learning about
 “Greek and cosmogony, and the world?”
 To this I replied with a groan. “Aye,”
 continued he, “he has but that one piece
 “of learning in the world, and he always
 “talks it away whenever he finds a scholar
 “in company: but I know the rogue, and
 “will catch him yet.”

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's sweet visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the
 • family no way disposed for battle. My wife
 and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill
 having been there that day to inform them,
 that their journey to town was entirely over:
 The two ladies having heard reports of us
 from

from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these : but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villainy at once detected.
The folly of being over-wise.

THAT evening and a part of the following day was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, *the copy of a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornbill.*

bill-castle. It instantly occurred that he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family, and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:

LADIES,

“THE bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intentions of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have

have taken this method of explaining myself or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us ; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon
schemes

schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching revenge. Tho' our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude; yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; but then in the midst of the flattering calm to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach, he entered, drew a chair, and sat down.—“A fine day, Mr. Burchell.”——“A very fine day, Doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain by the shooting of my corns.”——“The shooting of your horns,” cried my wife,
in

in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke.—“ Dear “ madam,” replied he, “ I pardon you with “ all my heart ; for I protest I should not “ have thought it a joke till you told me.”

——“ Perhaps not, Sir,” cried my wife, “ winking at us, and yet I dare say you can “ tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.”

——“ I fancy, madam,” returned Burchell, “ you have been reading a jest book this “ morning, that ounce of jokes is so very “ good a conceit ; and yet, madam, I had “ rather see half an ounce of understanding.”

——“ I believe you might,” cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her ; “ and yet I have seen some “ men pretend to understanding that have “ very little.”——“ And no doubt,” replied her antagonist, “ you have known ladies set up for wit that had none.”——

I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business ; so I resolved to treat him in a stile of more severity myself. “ Both wit and understanding,” cried I, “ are trifles, without integrity : it is that which gives value to “ every

“ every character. The ignorant peasant,
“ without fault, is greater than the philo-
“ sopher with many ; for what is genius or
“ courage without an heart? *An honest*
“ *man is the noblest work of God.*”

“ I always held that favourite maxim of
“ Pope,” returned Mr. Burchell, “ as very
“ unworthy a man of genius, and a base
“ desertion of his own superiority. As
“ the reputation of books is raised not
“ by their freedom from defect, but the
“ greatness of their beauties ; so should
“ that of men be prized not for their ex-
“ emption from fault, but the size of those
“ virtues they are possessed of. The scho-
“ lar may want prudence, the statesman
“ may have pride, and the champion feroci-
“ ty ; but shall we prefer to these men the
“ low mechanic, who laboriously plods on
“ through life, without censure or applause ?
“ We might as well prefer the tame correct
“ paintings of the Flemish school to the er-
“ roneous, but sublime animations of the
“ Roman pencil.”

“ Sir,”

“ Sir,” replied I, “ your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt.”

“ Perhaps,” cried he, “ there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence: on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals: the little virmin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly, whilst those endowed with strength and power are generous, brave, and gentle.”

“ These observations sound well,” returned

ed I, "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon him, "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, "Sir," continued I, raising my voice, "and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, Sir, this pocket-book?"——"Yes, Sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance, "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."——"And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Nay, never falter, man; but look me full in the face: I say, do you know this letter?"——"That letter," returned he, "yes, it was I that wrote that letter."——"And how could you," said I, "so basely, so ungratefully presume to write this letter?"——"And how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, "I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do, is to swear at the next justice's, that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so
"hang

“hang you all up at his door.” This piece
 of unexpected insolence raised me to such
 a pitch, that I could scarce govern my pas-
 sion. “Ungrateful wretch, begone, and no
 “longer pollute my dwelling with thy base-
 “ness. Begone, and never let me see thee
 “again: go from my doors, and the only
 “punishment I wish thee is an alarmed con-
 “science, which will be a sufficient tormen-
 “tor!” So saying, I threw him his pocket-
 book, which he took up with a smile, and
 shutting the clasps with the utmost compo-
 sure, left us, quite astonished at the sereni-
 ty of his assurance. My wife was particularly
 enraged that nothing could make him angry,
 or make him seem ashamed of his villainies,
 “My dear,” cried I, willing to calm those
 passions that had been raised too high among
 us, “we are not to be surprised that bad
 “men want shame; they only blush at be-
 “ing detected in doing good, but glory in
 “their vices.

“Guilt and shame, says the allegory,
 “were at first companions, and in the be-
 “ginning of their journey inseparably kept
 “together.

“ together. But their union was soon found
“ to be disagreeable and inconvenient to
“ both; guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness,
“ and shame often betrayed the secret
“ conspiracies of guilt. After long disagreement,
“ therefore, they at length consented
“ to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked
“ forward alone, to overtake fate, that went
“ before in the shape of an executioner: but
“ shame being naturally timorous, returned
“ back to keep company with virtue,
“ which, in the beginning of their journey,
“ they had left behind. Thus, my children,
“ after men have travelled through a few
“ stages in vice, they no longer continue to
“ have shame at doing evil, and shame attends
“ only upon their virtues.”

C H A P. XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed with
still greater.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointment in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every
part

part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his defects. It must be owed that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him, or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia: if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, her judgment was infallible. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the 'Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely like each other, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest.

These

These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending a rich uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of the family, my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and did them for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, for what
could

could I do? our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something done in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution to be drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, with a stomacher richly set with diamonds, and her two little ones as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Bangorean controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, drest

in a green joseph, laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdes, with as many sheep as the painter could spare ; and Moses was to be drest out with an hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the 'Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family in reality, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was compleated. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours ; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance ; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable ; but certain it is, we were this time all greatly overseen.

seen. Instead therefore of gratifying our vanity as we hoped, there it leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall; where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it should be got out, and still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more ill-natured suggestions in many. The 'Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Malicious whippers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquillity continually to be disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition. We again therefore entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of

our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this : as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of an husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then fixed upon to terrify him with a rival, which it was thought would compel him, though never so refractory. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if Mr. Thornhill did not prevent it, by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution ; but they only re-
tired

tired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole conversation ; which my wife artfully introduced, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands : " But heaven help," continued she, " the girls that have none. " What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill ? " or what signifies all the virtue, and all " the qualifications in the world, in this " age of self-interest ? It is not, what is " she ? but what has she ? is all the cry."

" Madam," returned he, " I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty, " of your remarks, and if I were a king, " it should be otherwise. It would then, " indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes : our two young ladies should " be the first for whom I would provide."

" Ah, Sir !" returned my wife, " you " are pleased to be facetious : but I wish I

“ were a queen, and then I know where
 “ they should look for an husband. But
 “ now that you have put it into my head,
 “ seriously Mr. Thornhill, can’t you re-
 “ commend me a proper husband for my
 “ eldest girl? She is now nineteen years
 “ old, well grown and well educated, and,
 “ in my humble opinion, does not want
 “ for parts.”

“ Madam,” replied he, “ if I were to
 “ chuse, I would find out a person possessed
 “ of every accomplishment that can make
 “ an angel happy. One with prudence, for-
 “ tune, taste, and sincerity, such, madam,
 “ would be, in my opinion, the proper hus-
 “ band.” “ Ah, Sir,” said she, “ but do you
 “ know of any such person?”——“ No,
 “ madam,” returned he, “ it is impossible to
 “ know any person that deserves to be her
 “ husband: she’s too great a treasure for one
 “ man’s possession: she’s a goddess. Upon
 “ my soul, I speak what I think, she’s an
 “ angel.”——“ Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you
 “ only flatter my poor girl: but we have
 “ been thinking of marrying her to one of
 “ your

“ your tenants, whose mother is lately dead,
 “ and who wants a manager : you know
 “ whom I mean, farmer Williams ; a warm
 “ man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her
 “ good bread ; ay, and who has several
 “ times made her proposals : (which was
 “ actually the case) but, Sir,” concluded she,
 “ I should be glad to have your approba-
 “ tion of our choice.” — “ How, ma-
 “ dam,” replied he, “ my approbation !
 “ My approbation of such a choice ! Never
 “ What ! Sacrifice so much beauty, and
 “ sense, and goodness, to a creature insen-
 “ sible of the blessing ! Excuse me, I can
 “ never approve of such a piece of injus-
 “ tice ! and I have my reasons ?” —
 “ Indeed, Sir,” cried Deborah, “ if you
 “ have your reasons, that’s another affair ;
 “ but I should be glad to know those rea-
 “ sons.” — “ Excuse me, madam,” re-
 turned he, “ they lie too deep for discovery :
 “ (laying his hand upon his bosom) they re-
 “ main buried, rivetted here.”

After he was gone, upon general con-
 sultation, we could not tell what to make

of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion ; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to be pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them : yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of farmer Williams, who, since my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to resist the power
of long and pleasing temptation.

AS I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two after he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger: but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill

appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him so much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety.—“ You now see, my child,” said I, “ that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream : he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you by a candid declaration himself.”——“ Yes, papa,” returned she, “ but he has his reasons for this delay : I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convince me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the ge-
“ nerosity

“nerosity of his sentiments, and convince
 “you that my opinion of him has been
 “more just than yours.”—“Olivia, my dar-
 “ling,” returned I, “every scheme that has
 “been hitherto pursued to compel him to a
 “declaration, has been proposed and plan-
 “ned by yourself, nor can you in the least
 “say that I have constrained you. But you
 “must not suppose, my dear, that I will
 “be ever instrumental in suffering his ho-
 “nest rival to be the dupe of your ill-
 “placed passion. Whatever time you re-
 “quire to bring your fancied admirer to
 “an explanation shall be granted? but at
 “the expiration of that term, if he is still
 “regardless, I must absolutely insist that
 “honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded
 “for his fidelity. The character which I
 “have hitherto supported in life demands
 “this from me, and my tenderness, as
 “a parent, shall never influence my in-
 “tegrity as a man. Name then your day,
 “let it be as distant as you think proper,
 “and in the mean time take care to let
 “Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on
 “which I design delivering you up to an-
 “other,

“ other. If he really loves you, his own
 “ good sense will readily suggest that there
 “ is but one method alone to prevent his
 “ losing you for ever.” — This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other’s insensibility ; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill’s presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill’s anxiety : but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away ; but her lover made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous ; but not more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely, and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected she seemed to retain

tain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution. It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future. Busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost, "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family, what is your opinion of matters and things in general?"—"My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyder-press and brewing tubs for nothing."—"That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he will sing us Death and the Lady, to raise our spirits into the bargain."—"He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses; "and I think he goes thro' it

“ it very prettily.”—“ Does he so,” cried I,
“ then let us have it : where’s little Dick ?
“ let him up with it boldly.”——“ My
“ brother Dick,” cried Bill my youngest,
“ is just gone out with sister Livy ; but Mr.
“ Williams has taught me two songs, and
“ I’ll sing them for you, papa. Which
“ song do you chuse, *the Dying Swan*, or
“ the *Elegy on the death of a mad dog* ?”
“ The elegy, child, by all means,” said I,
“ I never heard that yet ; and Deborah,
“ my life, grief you know is dry, let us
“ have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine,
“ to keep up our spirits. I have wept so
“ much at all sorts of elegies of late, that
“ without an enlivening glass I am sure this
“ will overcome me ; and Sophy, love, take
“ your guitar, and thrum in with the boy
“ a little.”

An ELEGY on the Death of a Mad Dog.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Isling-ton there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,

The

160 The VICAR of WAKEFIELD.

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd,
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

“ A very good boy, Bill, upon my word,
“ and an elegy that may truly be called
“ tragical. Come, my children, here's
“ Bill's health, and may he one day be a
“ bishop.”

“ With all my heart,” cried my wife;
“ and if he but preaches as well as he
“ sings,

“sings, I make no doubt of him. The
 “most of his family, by the mother’s side,
 “could sing a good song: it was a com-
 “mon saying in our country, that the family
 “of the Blenkinsops could never look straight
 “before them, nor the Hugginses blow out a
 “candle; that there were none of the Gro-
 “grams but could sing a song, or of the
 “Majorams but could tell a story.”——

“However that be,” cried I, “the most
 “vulgar ballad of them all generally pleases
 “me better than the fine modern odes,
 “and things that petrify us in a single
 “stanza; productions that we at once de-
 “test and praise. Put the glass to your bro-
 “ther, Moses. The great fault of these ele-
 “gists is, that they are in despair for griefs
 “that give the sensible part of mankind very
 “little pain. A lady loses her lap dog, and so the
 “silly poet runs home to versify the disaster.”

“That may be the mode,” cried Moses,
 “in sublimer compositions; but the Ra-
 “nelagh songs that come down to us are
 “perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same
 “mold: Collin meets Dolly, and they hold
 “a dialogue.

“ a dialogue together, he gives her a fair-
 “ ing to put in her hair, and she presents
 “ him with a nosegay, and then they go
 “ together to church, where they give
 “ good advice to young nymphs and
 “ swains to get married as fast as they
 “ can.”

“ And very good advice too,” cried I,
 “ and I am told there is not a place in the
 “ world where advice can be given with
 “ so much propriety as there; for as it per-
 “ suades us to marry, it also furnishes us
 “ with a wife, and surely that must be an
 “ excellent market, my boy, where we are
 “ told what we want, and supplied with it
 “ when wanting.”

“ Yes, Sir,” returned Moses, “ and I
 “ know but of two such markets for wives
 “ in Europe, Ranelagh in England, and
 “ Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish mar-
 “ ket is open once a year, but our English
 “ wives are saleable every night.”

“ You are right, my boy,” cried his
 mother,

mother, "Old England is the only place in
"the world for husbands to get wives."—
"And for wives to manage their husbands,"
interrupted I. "It is a proverb abroad,
"that if a bridge were built across the sea,
"all the ladies of the Continent would
"come over to take pattern from ours; for
"there are no such wives in Europe as our
"own.

"But let us have one bottle more, De-
"borah, my life, and Moses give us a
"good song. What thanks do we not owe
"to heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity,
"health and competence. I think myself
"happier now than the greatest monarch
"upon earth. He has no such fire-side,
"nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes,
"Deborah, my dear, we are now growing
"old; but the evening of our life is like-
"ly to be happy. We are descended from
"ancestors that knew no stain, and we
"shall leave a good and virtuous race of
"children behind us. While we live they
"will be our support and our pleasure
"here, and when we die they will trans-
"mit

" mit our honour untainted to posterity.
 " Come my son, we wait for your song:
 " let us have a chorus. But where is my
 " darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice
 " is always sweetest in the concert."——
 Just as I spoke Dick came running in. " O
 " papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is
 " gone from us, my sister Livy is gone
 " from us, for ever"——" Gone, child"—
 " Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen
 " in a post chaise, and one of them kissed
 " her, and said he would die for her;
 " and she cried very much, and was for
 " coming back; but he persuaded her
 " again, and she went into the chaise, and
 " said, O what will my poor papa do
 " when he knows I am undone!"——
 " Now then," cried I, " my children, go
 " and be miserable; for we shall never en-
 " joy one hour more. And O may heaven's
 " everlasting fury light upon him and his!
 " Thus to rob me of my child! And sure
 " it will, for taking back my sweet inno-
 " cent that I was leading up to heaven.
 " Such sincerity as my child was possess of.
 " But all our earthly happiness is now over!

" Go,

“Go, my chi'dren, go, and be miserable
“and infamous; for my heart is broken
“within me!”——“Father,” cried my
son, “is this your fortitude?”——“Forti-
“tude, child! Yes, he shall see I have for-
“titude! Bring me my pistols. I'll pur-
“sue the traitor. While he is on earth I'll
“pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find
“I can sting him yet. The villain! The
“perfidious villain!”——I had by this
time reached down my pistols, when my
poor wife, whose passions were not so strong
as mine, caught me in her arms. “My
“dearest, dearest husband,” cried she, “the
“bible is the only weapon that is fit for
“your old hands now. Open that, my
“love, and read our anguish into patience,
“for she has vilely deceived——Her sor-
row repress the rest in silence.——“Indeed,
“Sir,” resumed my son, after a pause,
“your rage is too violent and unbecom-
“ing. You should be my mother's com-
“forter, and you encrease her pain. It
“ill suited you and your reverend cha-
“racter thus to curse your greatest enemy:
“you should not to have curst the wretch,
“villain

"villain as he is."—"I did not curse
 "him, child, did I?"—"Indeed, Sir,
 "you did, you curst him twice."——
 "Then may heaven forgive me and him if
 "I did. And now, my son, I see it was
 "more than human benevolence that first
 "taught us to bless our enemies! Blest be
 "his holy name for all the good he has
 "given, and for that he has taken away.
 "But it is not, it is not, a small distress
 "that can wring tears from these old eyes,
 "that have not wept for so many years.
 "My Child!—To undo my darling! May
 "confusion seize! Heaven forgive me,
 "what am I about to say! You may re-
 "member, my love, how good she was,
 "and how charming; till this vile moment
 "all her care was to make us happy. Had
 "she but died! But she is gone, the honour
 "of our family contaminated, and I must
 "look out for happiness in other worlds than
 "here. But, my child, you saw them go off:
 "perhaps he forced her away? If he forced
 "her, she may yet be innocent."—"Ah no,
 "Sir!" cried the child, "he only kissed
 "her, and called her his angel, and she
 "wept

“ wept very much, and leaned upon his
“ arm, and they drove off very fast.”——
“ She’s an ungrateful creature,” cried my
wife, who could scarce speak for weeping,
“ to use us thus. She never had the least
“ constraint put upon her affections. The
“ vile strumpet has basely deserted her pa-
“ rents without any provocation, thus to
“ bring your grey hairs to the grave, and
“ I must shortly follow.”

In this manner that night, the first of
our real misfortunes, was spent in the bit-
terness of complaint, and ill supported fal-
lies of enthusiasm. I determined, how-
ever, to find out our betrayer, wherever
he was, and reproach his baseness. The
next morning we missed our wretched child
at breakfast, where she used to give life and
cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before,
attempted to ease her heart by reproaches.
“ Never,” cried she, “ shall that vilest stain
“ of our family again darken those harm-
“ less doors. I will never call her daughter
“ more. No, let the strumpet live with
“ her vile seducer: She may bring us to
“ shame,

“ shame, but she shall never more deceive
“ us.”

“ Wife,” said I, “ do not talk thus hardly : my detestation of her guilt is as great
“ as yours ; but ever shall this house and
“ this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns
“ from her transgression, the more welcome
“ shall she be to me. For the first time
“ the very best may err ; art may persuade,
“ and novelty spread out its charm. The
“ first fault is the child of simplicity ; but
“ every other the offspring of guilt. Yes,
“ the wretched creature shall be welcome
“ to this heart and this house, tho’ stained
“ with ten thousand vices. I will again
“ hearken to the music of her voice, again
“ will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I
“ find but repentance there. My son, bring
“ hither my bible and my staff ; I will pursue
“ her, wherever she is, and tho’ I cannot
“ save her from shame, I may prevent the
“ continuance of iniquity.”

C H A P. XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

TH^{O'} the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill-castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter : but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young 'Squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately :

he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her: but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Hearing this, I resolved to pursue them there. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the 'Squire's, and he assured me that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early
the

the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me: but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more. I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little ale house by the road-side, and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I

was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopt to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookfeller in St. Paul's church-yard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory

réfractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them ; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shews us some new prospect of hidden disappointment ; so in our descent to the vale of wretchedness, which, from the summits of pleasure appears dark and gloomy, the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds something to flatter and surprise it. Still as we descend, the objects appear to brighten, unexpected prospects amuse, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forwards, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like the waggon, which I was resolved to overtake ; but when I came up with it, found it to be a stroling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the

ensuing day. Good company upon the road, says the proverb, is always the shortest cut, I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I disserted on such topics with my usual freedom: but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day.——

“ I fancy, Sir,” cried the player, “ few of
 “ our modern dramatists would think them-
 “ selves much honoured by being com-
 “ pared to the writers you mention. Dry-
 “ den and Rowe’s manner, Sir, are quite
 “ out of fashion; our taste has gone back a
 “ whole century, Fletcher, Ben Johnson,
 “ and all the plays of Shakespeare, are the
 “ only things that go down.”——“ How,”
 cried I, “ is it possible the present age can
 “ be pleased with that antiquated dialect
 “ that obsolete humour, those over-charged
 “ characters, which abound in the works
 “ you mention?”——“ Sir,” returned
 my companion, “ the publick think no-
 “ thing about dialect, or humour, or cha-
 “ racter; for that is none of their busi-
 ness,

“ nefs, they only go to be amused, and
 “ find themselves happy when they can en-
 “ joy a pantomime, under the sanction of
 “ Johnson’s or Shakespeare’s name.”—“ So
 “ then, I suppose,” cried I, “ that our mo-
 “ dern dramatists are rather imitators of
 “ Shakespeare than of nature.”——“ To
 say the truth,” returned my companion,
 “ I don’t know that they imitate any
 “ thing at all; nor indeed does the
 “ public require it of them : it is not the
 “ composition of the piece, but the num-
 “ ber of starts and attitudes that may be
 “ introduced into it that elicits applause. I
 “ have known a piece, with not one jest in
 “ the whole, shrugged into popularity, and
 “ another saved by the poet’s throwing in
 “ a fit of the gripes. “ No, Sir, the works
 “ of Congreve and Farquhar have too
 “ much wit in them for the present taste ;
 “ our modern dialogue is much more na-
 “ tural.”

By this time the equipage of the strolling
 company was arrived at the village, which, it
 seems, had been apprised of our approach, and
 was come out to gaze at us ; for my compa-

nion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company till I saw a mob gathered about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first ale-house that offered, and being shewn into the common room, was accosted by a very well-drest gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and seeming interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon my asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house, with which request, after some entreaties, I was prevailed on to comply.

C H A P. XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in the country. The apartment into which we were shewn was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies, in an easy deshabille, were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprighlinefs. Po-

litics, however, was the subject on which
 our entertainer chiefly expatiated ; for he
 asserted that liberty was at once his boast and
 his terror. After the cloth was removed,
 he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor,
 to which replying in the negative, What,
 “ nor the Auditor, I suppose ?” cried he.
 “ Neither, Sir,” returned I. “ That’s strange,
 “ very strange,” replied my entertainer.
 “ Now, I read all the politics that come out.
 “ The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the
 “ Chronicle, the London Evening, the
 “ Whitehall Evening, the seventeen maga-
 zines, and the two reviews ; and though
 “ they hate each other, I love them all.
 “ Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton’s boast,
 “ and by all my coal mines in Cornwall, I
 “ reverence its guardians.” “ Then it is
 “ to be hoped,” cried I, “ you reverence
 “ the king.” “ Yes,” returned my enter-
 tainer, “ when he does what we would have
 “ him ; but if he goes on as he has done of
 “ late, I’ll never trouble myself more with
 “ his matters. I say nothing. I think only.
 “ I could have directed some things better.
 “ I don’t think there has been a sufficient
 “ number

“ number of advisers, he should advise,
“ with every person willing to give him ad-
“ vice, and then we should have things done
“ in another manner.

“ I wish,” cried I, “ that such intruding
“ advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should
“ be the duty of honest men to assist the
“ weaker side of our constitution, that sa-
“ cred power that has for some years been
“ every day declining, and losing its due
“ share of influence in the state. But these
“ ignorants still continue the cry of liberty,
“ and if they have any weight basely throw
“ it into the subsiding scale.”

“ How,” cried one of the ladies, “ do
“ I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be
“ an enemy to liberty, and a defender of
“ tyrants ? Liberty, that sacred gift of hea-
“ ven, that glorious privilege of Britons !”

“ Can it be possible,” cried our entertain-
er, “ that there should be any found at pre-
“ sent advocates for slavery ? Any who are
“ for

“ for meanly giving up the privileges of Brit-
 “ tons ? Can any, Sir, be so abject ? ”

“ No, Sir,” replied I, “ I am for liberty,
 “ that attribute of Gods ! Glorious liberty !
 “ that theme of modern declamation. I
 “ would have all men kings. I would be
 “ a king myself. We have all naturally
 “ an equal right to the throne : we are all
 “ originally equal. This is my opinion,
 “ and was once the opinion of a set of honest
 “ men who were called Levellers. They tri-
 “ ed to erect themselves into a community,
 “ where all should be equally free. But a-
 “ las ! it would never answer ; for there
 “ were some among them stronger, and
 “ some more cunning than others, and these
 “ became masters of the rest ; for as sure as
 “ your groom rides your horses, because he
 “ is a cunninger animal than they, so sure-
 “ ly will the animal that is cunninger or
 “ stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in
 “ turn. Since then it is entailed upon hu-
 “ manity to submit, and some are born to
 “ command, and others to obey, the questi-
 “ on is, as there must be tyrants, whether it
 “ is

“ is better to have them in the same house
“ with us, or in the same village, or still far-
“ ther off, in the metropolis. Now, Sir,
“ for my own part as I naturally hate the
“ face of a tyrant, the farther off he is re-
“ moved from me, the better pleased am I.
“ The generality of mankind also are of my
“ way of thinking, and have unanimously
“ created one King, whose election at once
“ diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts
“ tyranny at the greatest distance from the
“ greatest number of people. Now those
“ who were tyrants themselves before the
“ election of one tyrant, are naturally averse
“ to a power raised over them, and whose
“ weight must ever lean heaviest on the sub-
“ ordinate orders. It is the interest of the
“ great, therefore, to diminish kingly power
“ as much as possible ; because whatever they
“ take from it is naturally restored to them-
“ selves ; and all they have to do in a state,
“ is to undermine the single tyrant, by which
“ they resume their primæval authority.
“ Now a state may be so constitutionally cir-
“ cumstanced, its laws may be so disposed,
“ and its men of opulence so minded, as
“ all

“ all to conspire to carry on this business of
 “ undermining monarchy. If the circum-
 “ stances of the state be such, for instance,
 “ as to favour the accumulation of wealth,
 “ and make the opulent still more rich, this
 “ will encrease their strength and their am-
 “ bition. But an accumulation of wealth
 “ must necessarily be the consequence in a
 “ state, when more riches flow in from ex-
 “ ternal commerce, than arise from inter-
 “ nal industry : for external commerce can
 “ only be managed to advantage by the
 “ rich, and they have also at the same
 “ time all the emoluments arising from in-
 “ ternal industry : so that the rich, in such
 “ a state, have two sources of wealth, where-
 “ as the poor have but one. Thus wealth
 “ in all commercial states is found to accu-
 “ mulate, and such have hitherto in time
 “ become aristocratical. Besides this, the
 “ very laws of a country may contribute
 “ to the accumulation of wealth ; as when
 “ those natural ties that bind the rich and
 “ poor together are broken, and it is or-
 “ dained that the rich shall only marry a-
 “ mong each other ; or when the learned
 “ are

“ are held unqualified to serve their coun-
“ try as counsellors merely from a defect of
“ opulence, and wealth is thus made the
“ object of a wise man’s ambition; by
“ these means I say, and such means as
“ these riches will accumulate. The pos-
“ sessor of accumulated wealth, when fur-
“ nished with the necessities and pleasures
“ of life, can employ the superfluity of for-
“ tune only in purchasing power. That
“ is, differently speaking, in making de-
“ pendants, in purchasing the liberty of the
“ needy or the venal, of men who are willing
“ to bear the mortification of contiguous ty-
“ ranny for bread. Thus each very opulent
“ man generally gathers round him a circle
“ of the poorest of the people; and the po-
“ lity abounding in accumulated wealth,
“ may be compared to a Cartesian system,
“ each orb with a vortex of its own.
“ Those, however, who are willing to
“ move in a great man’s vortex, are only
“ such as must be slaves, the rabble of
“ mankind, whose souls and whose education
“ are adapted to servitude, and who know
“ nothing of liberty except the name. But
“ three

“ there must still be a large number of the
 “ people without the sphere of the opulent
 “ man’s influence, namely, that order of
 “ men which subsists between the very rich
 “ and the very rabble; those men who are pos-
 “ sessed of too large fortunes to submit to the
 “ neighbouring man in power, and yet are
 “ too poor to set up for tyranny themselves.
 “ In this middle order of mankind are ge-
 “ nerally to be found all the arts, wisdom,
 “ and virtues of society. This order alone
 “ is known to be the true preserver of
 “ freedom, and may be called the People.
 “ Now it may happen that this middle or-
 “ der of mankind may lose all its influence
 “ in a state, and its voice be in a manner
 “ drowned in that of the rabble: for if
 “ the fortune sufficient for qualifying a per-
 “ son at present to give his voice in state
 “ affairs, be ten times less than was judged
 “ sufficient upon forming the constitution,
 “ it is evident that greater numbers of the
 “ rabble will thus be introduced into the
 “ political system, and they ever moving in
 “ the vortex of the great, will follow where
 “ greatness shall direct. In such a state,
 “ therefore,

“ therefore, all that the middle order has
“ left, is to preserve the *prærogative* and
“ privileges of one principal tyrant with
“ the most sacred circumspection. For he
“ divides the power of the rich, and calls
“ off the great from falling with tenfold
“ weight on the middle order placed beneath
“ them. The middle order may be com-
“ pared to a town of which the opulent are
“ forming the siege, and which the tyrant
“ is hastening to relieve. While the be-
“ siegers are in dread of the external ene-
“ my, it is but natural to offer the townf-
“ men the most specious terms; to flatter
“ them with sounds, and amuse them with
“ privileges: but if they once defeat the
“ tyrant, the walls of the town will be but
“ a small defence to its inhabitants. What
“ they may then expect, may be seen by
“ turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or
“ Venice, where the laws govern the poor,
“ and the rich govern the law. I am then
“ for, and would die for, monarchy, fa-
“ cred monarchy; for if there be any thing
“ sacred amongst men, it must be the
“ anointed sovereign of his people, and
“ every

“ every diminution of his power in war, or
 “ in peace, is an infringement upon the real
 “ liberties of the subject. The sounds of
 “ liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have al-
 “ ready done *much*, it is to be hoped that
 “ the true sons of freedom will prevent
 “ their ever doing more. I have known
 “ many of those bold champions for libera-
 “ ty in my time, yet do I not remember
 “ one that was not in his heart and in his
 “ family a tyrant.”

My warmth I found had lengthened
 this harangue beyond the rules of good
 breeding: but the impatience of my en-
 tertainer, who often strove to interrupt it,
 could be restrained no longer. “ What,”
 cried he, “ then I have been all this while
 “ entertaining a Jesuit in parson’s cloaths :
 “ but by all the coal mines of Cornwall,
 “ out he shall pack, if my name be Wil-
 “ kinson.” I now found I had gone too
 far, and asked pardon for the warmth with
 which I had spoken. “ Pardon,” returned
 he in a fury : “ I think such principles de-
 “ mand ten thousand pardons. What, give
 “ up

“ up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately to prevent worse consequences, Sir, I insist upon it.” I was going to repeat my romanstrances; but just then we heard a footman’s rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, “ As sure as death there is our master and mistress come home.” It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master’s absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman, with his lady, enter, nor was their surprize, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. “ Gentlemen,” cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, “ I am your most humble servant; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that I almost sink under the obligation.” However unexpected our company might be to him, his, I
am

am sure, was still more to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when whom should I next see enter the room but my dear miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. "My dear sir," cried she, "to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest." Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling upon being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged now, insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days, and

as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she enquired with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. "Alas!" "Madam," cried I, "he has now been "near three years absent, without ever "writing to his friends or me. Where he "is I know not; perhaps I shall never see "him or happiness more. No, my dear "Madam, we shall never more see such "pleasing hours as were once spent by our "fire-side at Wakefield. My little family "are now dispersing very fast, and poverty "has brought not only want, but infamy "upon us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It
was,

was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening, the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage before. He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day; "But this gentleman," continued he, "seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey
 "ney

“ney down.” This account, in some measure, excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last, and I found it was my unfortunate son. He was going to begin, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived us, and stood at once speechless and immoveable. The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don’t know what were the sensations I felt; for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description: but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her

her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of unresisting beauty, and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

THE
V I C A R
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A T A L E.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

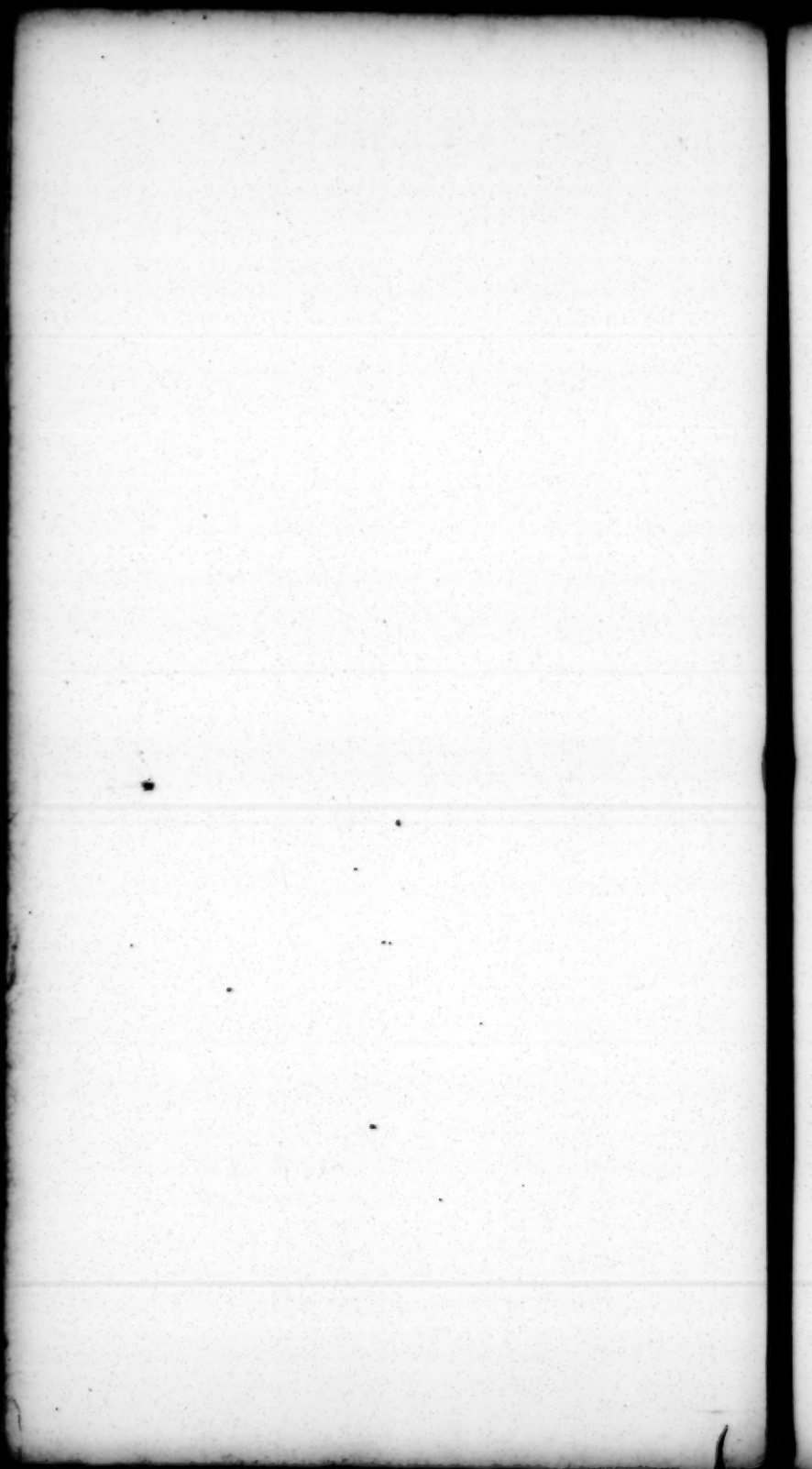
Sperate miseri, cavete felices.

V O L. II.

D U B L I N :

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M.DCC.LXVI.



CHAP. I.

The history of a philosophic vagabond,
pursuing novelty, but losing content.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth that he could boast of. "Why, aye, my son," cried I, "you left me but poor, and poor I find you are come back; and yet I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world."——Yes, "Sir," replied my son, "but travelling after fortune, is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit."——"I fancy," "Sir," cried Mrs. Arnold, "that the account of your adventures would be amu-

“sing : the first part of them I have often
 “heard from my niece ; but could the
 “company prevail for the rest, it would
 “be an additional obligation.”——“Ma-
 “dam,” replied my son, “I can promise
 “you the pleasure you have in hearing,
 “will not be half so great as my vanity in
 “the recital ; and yet in the whole narra-
 “tive I can scarce promise you one adven-
 “ture, as my account is not of what I
 “did, but what I saw. The first misfor-
 “tune of my life, which you all know,
 “was great ; but tho’ it distressed, it could
 “not sink me. No person ever had a bet-
 “ter knack at hoping than I. The less
 “kind I found fortune then, the more I
 “expected from her another time, and be-
 “ing now at the bottom of her wheel,
 “every new revolution might lift, but
 “could not depress me. I proceeded,
 “therefore, towards London in a fine
 “morning, no way uneasy about to-mor-
 “row, but chearful as the birds that ca-
 “roll’d by the road. I comforted myself
 “with various reflections, that London was
 “the true mart where abilities of every kind
 “were

“ were sure of meeting distinction and
“ reward.

“ Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first
“ care was to deliver your letter of recom-
“ mendation to your cousin, who was him-
“ self in little better circumstances than
“ me. My first scheme, you know, Sir,
“ was to be usher at an academy, and I
“ asked his advice on the affair. Our cou-
“ sin received the proposal with a true Sar-
“ donic grin. Aye, cried he, this is a pretty
“ career, indeed, that has been chalked
“ out for you. I have been once an usher
“ at a boarding school myself; and may I
“ die by an anodyne necklace, but I had
“ rather be an under turnkey in Newgate.
“ I was up early and late: I was brow-beat
“ by the master, hated for my ugly face
“ by the mistress, worried by the boys
“ within, and never permitted to stir out
“ to meet civility abroad. But are you sure
“ you are fit for a school? Let me examine
“ you a little. Have you been bred ap-
“ prentice to the business? No. Then you
“ won't do for a school. Can you dress

“ the boys hair ? No. Then you won’t
 “ do for a school. Have you had the
 “ small-pox ? No. Then you own’t do for
 “ a school. Can you lie three in a bed ?
 “ No. Then you will never do for a school.
 “ Have you got a good stomach ? Yes.
 “ Then you will by no means do for a
 “ school. No, Sir, if you are for a genteel
 “ easy profession, bind yourself seven years
 “ as an apprentice to turn a cutler’s wheel ;
 “ but avoid a school by any means. But
 “ come, continued he, I see you are a lad
 “ of spirit and some learning, what do you
 “ think of commencing author, like me ?
 “ You have read in books, no doubt, of
 “ men of genius starving at the trade : but
 “ at present I’ll shew you forty very dull
 “ fellows about town that live by it in opu-
 “ lence. All honest jogg trotmen, who go
 “ on smoothly and dully, and write his-
 “ tory and politics, and are praised ; and
 “ who, had they been bred coblers, would
 “ all their lives have only mended shoes,
 “ but never made them.

“ Finding that there was no great degree
 “ of gentility affixed to the character of an
 “ usher,

“ usher, I resolved to accept his proposal ;
 “ and having the highest respect for litera-
 “ ture, I hailed the antiqua mater of Grub-
 “ street with reverence. I thought it my
 “ glory to pursue a track which Dryden
 “ and Otway trod before me. In fact, I
 “ considered the goddess of this region as
 “ the parent of excellence ; and however
 “ an intercourse with the world might give
 “ us good sense, the poverty she granted
 “ was the nurse of genius ! Big with these
 “ reflections, I sat down, and finding that
 “ the best things remained to be said on
 “ the wrong side, I resolved to write a book
 “ that should be wholly new. I therefore
 “ drest up three paradoxes with some in-
 “ genuity. They were false, indeed, but
 “ they were new. The jewels of truth
 “ have been so often imported by others,
 “ that nothing was left for me to import
 “ but some splendred things that at a dist-
 “ ance looked every bit as well. Witness
 “ you powers what fancied importance sat
 “ perched upon my quill while I was wri-
 “ ting. The whole learned world, I made
 “ no doubt, would rise to oppose my sys-
 “ tems ;

“ terms, but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine I sat self collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer.”

“ Well said, my boy,” cried I, “ and what subject did you treat upon ? I hope you did not pass over the importance of Hierarchical monogamy. But I interrupt, go on ; you published your paradoxes ; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes ?

“ Sir,” replied my son, “ the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes ; nothing at all, Sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies ; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect.

“ As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a
“ bundle

" bundle of proposals, begging me to sub-
 " scribe to a new edition he was going to
 " give the world of Propertius, with notes.
 " This demand necessarily produced a re-
 " ply that I had no money; and that con-
 " cession led him on to enquire into the na-
 " ture of my expectations. Finding that
 " my expectations were just as great as
 " my purse, I see, cried he, you are unac-
 " quainted with the town, I'll teach you
 " a part of it. Look at these proposals,
 " upon these very proposals I have sub-
 " sisted very comfortably for twelve years.
 " The moment a nobleman returns from
 " his travels, a Creolian arrives from Ja-
 " maica, or a dowager from her country
 " seat, I strike for a subscription. I first
 " besiege their hearts with flattery, and
 " then pour in my proposals at the breach.
 " If they subscribe readily the first time,
 " I renew my request to beg a dedication
 " fee. If they let me have that, I smite
 " them once more for engraving their coat
 " of arms at the top. Thus, continued
 " he, I live by vanity, and laugh at it.
 " But between ourselves, I am now too

“ well known, I should be glad to borrow
 “ your face a bit : a nobleman of distinction
 “ has just returned from Italy ; my
 “ face is familiar to his porter ; but if you
 “ bring this copy of verses, my life for it
 “ you succeed, and we divide the spoil.”

“ Bless us, George,” cried I, “ and is
 “ that the employment of poets now ! Do
 “ men of their exalted talents thus stoop
 “ to beggary ! Can they so far disgrace
 “ their calling, as to make a vile traffic of
 “ praise for bread ?”

“ O no, Sir,” returned he, “ a true poet
 “ can never be so base ; for wherever
 “ there is genius there is pride. The creatures
 “ I now describe are only beggars in
 “ rhyme. The real poet, as he braves
 “ every hardship for fame, so he is equally
 “ a coward to contempt, and none but
 “ those who are unworthy protection con-
 “ descend to solicit it.

“ Having a mind too proud to stoop to
 “ such indignities, and yet a fortune too
 “ humble to hazard a second attempt for
 “ fame,

“ fame, I was now obliged to take a mid-
“ dle course, and write for bread. But I
“ was unqualified for a profession where
“ mere industry alone could ensure success:
“ I could not suppress my lurking passion
“ for applause: but usually consumed that
“ time in efforts after excellence which
“ takes up but little room, when it should
“ have been more advantageously employ-
“ ed in the diffusive productions of fruitful
“ mediocrity. My little piece would come
“ forth in the mist of periodical publica-
“ tion, unnoticed and unknown. The
“ public were more importantly employed,
“ than to observe the easy simplicity of my
“ style, or the harmony of my periods.
“ Sheet after sheet was thrown off to ob-
“ livion. My essays were buried among
“ the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and
“ cures for the bite of a mad dog; while
“ Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and
“ Philanthropos, all wrote better, because
“ they wrote faster, than I.

“ Now, therefore, I began to associate
“ with none but disappointed authors, like
“ myself,

" myself, who praised, deplored, and de-
 " spised each other. The satisfaction we
 " found in every celebrated writer's at-
 " tempts, was inversely as their merits. I
 " found that no genius in another could
 " please me. My unfortunate paradoxes
 " had entirely dried up that source of com-
 " fort. I could neither read nor write
 " with satisfaction; for excellence in ano-
 " ther was my aversion, and writing was
 " my trade.

" In the midst of these gloomy reflec-
 " tions, as I was one day sitting on a bench
 " in St. James's park, a young gentleman
 " of distinction, who had been my inti-
 " mate acquaintance at the university, ap-
 " proached me. We saluted each other
 " with some hesitation, he almost ashamed
 " of being known to one who made so
 " shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a
 " repulse. But my suspicions soon va-
 " nished; for Ned Thornhill was at the
 " bottom a very good-natured fellow."

" What did you say, George?" inter-
 " rupted I. " Thornhill, was not that his
 " name?"

“ name ? it can certainly be no other than
 “ my landlord.” — “ Bless me, ” cried
 Mrs. Arnold, “ is Mr. Thornhill so near
 “ a neighbour of yours ? He has long been
 “ a friend in our family, and we expect a
 “ visit from him shortly.”

“ My friend’s first care,” continued my
 son, “ was to alter my appearance by a
 “ very fine suit of his own cloaths, and
 “ then I was admitted to his table upon
 “ the footing of half-friend, half-underling,
 “ My business was to attend him at auc-
 “ tions, to put him in spirits when he sat
 “ for his picture, to take the left hand in
 “ his chariot when not filled by another,
 “ and to assist at tattering a kip, as the
 “ phrase was, when we had a mind for a
 “ frolic. Beside this, I had twenty other
 “ little employments in the family. I was
 “ to do many small things without bid-
 “ ding ; to carry the cork screw ; to stand
 “ godfather to all the butler’s children ; to
 “ sing when I was bid ; to be never out of
 “ humour ; always to be humble, and, if I
 “ could, to be happy.

“ In

“ In this honourable post, however, I
 “ was not without a rival. A captain of
 “ marines, who seemed formed for the
 “ place by nature, opposed me in my pa-
 “ tron’s affections. His mother had been
 “ laundress to a man of quality, and thus
 “ he early acquired a taste for pimping and
 “ pedigree. As this gentleman made it
 “ the study of his life to be acquainted
 “ with lords, though he was dismissed from
 “ several for his stupidity; yet he found
 “ many of them who permitted his assidui-
 “ ties, being as dull as himself. As flat-
 “ tery was his trade, he practised it with
 “ the easiest address imaginable; but it
 “ came awkward and stiff from me; and
 “ as every day my patron’s desire of flat-
 “ tery increased, so every hour being bet-
 “ ter acquainted with his defects, I be-
 “ came more unwilling to give it. Thus
 “ I was once more fairly going to give up
 “ the field to the captain, when my friend
 “ found occasion for my assistance. This
 “ was nothing less than to fight a duel for
 “ him, with a gentleman whose sister it
 “ was pretended he had used ill. I readily
 “ — complied

“ complied with his request, and tho’ I
 “ see you are displeased at my conduct,
 “ yet as it was a debt indispensably due to
 “ friendship, I could not refuse. I under-
 “ took the affair, disarmed my antagonist,
 “ and soon after had the pleasure of finding
 “ that the lady was only a woman of the
 “ town, and the fellow her bully and a
 “ sharper. This piece of service was re-
 “ paid with the warmest professions of gra-
 “ titude; but as my friend was to leave
 “ town in a few days, he knew no other
 “ method to serve me, but by recommend-
 “ ing me to his uncle Sir William Thorn-
 “ hill, and another nobleman of great dis-
 “ tinction, who enjoyed a post under the
 “ government. When he was gone, my
 “ first care was to carry his recommenda-
 “ tory letter to his uncle, a man whose
 “ character for every virtue was universal,
 “ yet just. I was received by his servants
 “ with the most hospitable smiles; for the
 “ looks of the domestics ever transmit their
 “ master’s benevolence. Being shewn into
 “ a grand apartment, where Sir William
 “ soon came to me, I delivered my mes-
 “ sage

“ sage and letter, which he read, and after
 “ pausing some minutes, Pray, Sir, cried
 “ he, inform me what you have done for
 “ my kinsman, to deserve this warm re-
 “ commendation? But I suppose, Sir, I
 “ guess at your merits, you have fought
 “ for him; and so you would expect a re-
 “ ward from me, for being the instrument
 “ of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that
 “ my present refusal may be some punish-
 “ ment for your guilt; but still more, that
 “ it may be some inducement to your re-
 “ pentance.—The severity of this rebuke
 “ I bore patiently, because I knew it was
 “ just. My whole expectations now, there-
 “ fore, lay in my letter to the great man.
 “ As the doors of the nobility are almost
 “ ever beset with beggars, all ready to
 “ thrust in some fly petition, I found it no
 “ easy matter to gain admittance. How-
 “ ever, after bribing the servants with half
 “ my worldly fortune, I was at last shewn
 “ into a spacious apartment, my letter be-
 “ ing previously sent up for his lordship’s
 “ inspection. During this anxious interval
 “ I had full time to look round me. Eve-
 “ ry

“ ry thing was grand, and of happy con-
 “ trivance : the paintings, the furniture, the
 “ gildings, petrified me with awe, and
 “ raised my idea of the owner. Ah,
 “ thought I to myself, how very great must
 “ the possessor of all these things be, who
 “ carries in his head the business of the
 “ state, and whose house displays half the
 “ wealth of a kingdom : sure his genius
 “ must be unfathomable ! During these
 “ awful reflections I heard a step come hea-
 “ vily forward. Ah, this is the great man
 “ himself; No, it was only a chambermaid.
 “ Another foot was heard soon after. This
 “ must be He ! No, it was only the great
 “ man’s valet de chambre. At last his lord-
 “ ship actually made his appearance. Are
 “ you, cried he, the bearer of this here
 “ letter ? I answered with a bow. I learn by
 “ this, continued he, as how that——But
 “ just at that instant a servant delivered
 “ him a card, and without taking farther
 “ notice, he went out of the room, and left
 “ me to digest my own happiness at leisure.
 “ I saw no more of him, till told by a foot-
 “ man that his lordship was going to his
 “ coach

“ coach at the door. Down I immediately
 “ followed, and joined my voice to that of
 “ three or four more, who came, like me,
 “ to petition for favours. His lordship,
 “ however, went too fast for us, and was
 “ gaining his chariot door with large
 “ strides, when I hallooed out to know if
 “ I was to have any reply. He was by
 “ this time got in, and muttered an an-
 “ swer, half of which only I heard, the
 “ other half was lost in the rattling of his
 “ chariot wheels. I stood for some time
 “ with my neck stretched out, in the pos-
 “ ture of one that was listening to catch
 “ the glorious sounds, till looking round
 “ me, I found myself alone at his lordship’s
 “ gate.

“ My patience,” continued my son,
 “ was now quite exhausted: stung with
 “ the thousand indignities I had met with,
 “ I was willing to cast myself away, and
 “ only wanted the gulph to receive me. I
 “ regarded myself as one of those vile
 “ things that nature designed should be
 “ thrown by into her lumber room, there
 “ to perish in unpitied obscurity. I had
 “ still,

“ still, however, half a guinea left, and of
“ that I thought fortune herself should not
“ deprive me: but in order to be sure of
“ this, I was resolved to go instantly and
“ spend it while I had it, and then trust to
“ occurrences for the rest. As I was going
“ along with this resolution, it happened
“ that Mr. Cripse’s office seemed invitingly
“ open to give me a welcome reception.
“ In this office Mr. Cripse kindly offers all
“ his majesty’s subjects a generous promise
“ of 30 l. a year, for which promise all
“ they give in return is their liberty for
“ life, and permission to let him transport
“ them to America as slaves. I was happy
“ at finding a place where I could lose my
“ fears in desperation, and therefore en-
“ tered this cell; for it had the appearance
“ of one, being dark, damp, and dirty.
“ Here I found a number of poor crea-
“ tures, all in circumstances like myself,
“ expecting the arrival of Mr. Cripse, pre-
“ senting a true epitome of English impa-
“ tience. Each untractable soul at va-
“ riance with fortune, wreaked her injuries
“ on their own hearts: but Mr. Cripse at
“ last

“ last came down, and all our murmurs
 “ were hushed. He deigned to regard me
 “ with an air of peculiar approbation, and
 “ indeed he was the first man who for a
 “ month past talked to me with smiles.
 “ After a few questions, he found I ‘was
 “ fit for every thing in the world. He
 “ paused a while upon the properest means
 “ of providing for me, and slapping his
 “ forehead, as if he had found it, assured
 “ me, that there was at that time an em-
 “ bassy talked of from the synod of Pensyl-
 “ vania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that
 “ he would use his interest to get me made
 “ secretary. I knew in my own heart that
 “ the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave
 “ me pleasure, there was something so
 “ magnificent in the sound. I fairly, there-
 “ fore, divided my half guinea, one half of
 “ which went to be added to his thirty
 “ thousand pounds, and with the other
 “ half I resolved to go to the next tavern,
 “ to be there more happy than he.

“ As I was going out with that resolution,
 “ I was met at the door by the captain of
 “ a ship, with whom I had formerly some
 “ little

“ little acquaintance, and he agreed to be
 “ my companion over a bowl of punch.
 “ As I never chose to make a secret of my
 “ circumstances, he assured me that I was
 “ upon the very point of ruin, in listening
 “ to the office-keeper’s promises; for that
 “ he only designed to sell me to the plan-
 “ tations. But, continued he, I fancy you
 “ might, by a much shorter voyage, be ve-
 “ ry easily put into a genteel way of bread.
 “ Take my advice. My ship sails to-mor-
 “ row for Amsterdam; what if you go in
 “ her as a passenger? The moment you
 “ land all you have to do is to teach the
 “ Dutchmen English, and I’ll warrant
 “ you’ll get pupils and money enough. I
 “ suppose you understand English, added
 “ he, by this time, or the deuce is in it. I
 “ confidently assured him of that; but ex-
 “ pressed a doubt whether the Dutch would
 “ be willing to learn English. He affirmed
 “ with an oath that they were fond of it to
 “ distraction; and upon that affirmation I
 “ agreed with his proposal, and embarked
 “ the next day to teach the Dutch English
 “ in Holland. The wind was fair, our
 “ voyage short, and after having paid my
 “ passage

“ passage with half my moveables, I found
 “ myself, fallen as if from the skies, a
 “ stranger in one of the principal streets of
 “ Amsterdam. In this situation I was un-
 “ willing to let any time pass unemployed
 “ in teaching. I addressed myself there-
 “ fore to two or three of those I met, whose
 “ appearance seemed most promising; but
 “ it was impossible to make ourselves mu-
 “ tually understood. It was not till this
 “ very moment I recollected, that in order
 “ to teach Dutchmen English, it was ne-
 “ cessary that they should first teach me
 “ Dutch. How I came to overlook so ob-
 “ vious an objection, is to me amazing;
 “ but certain it is I overlooked it.

“ This scheme thus blown up, I had
 “ some thoughts of fairly shipping back
 “ to England again; but happening into
 “ company with an Irish student, who was
 “ returning from Louvain, our conversation
 “ turning upon topics of literature, (for by
 “ the way it may be observed, that I al-
 “ ways forgot the meaness of my circum-
 “ stances when I could converse upon such
 “ subjects) from him I learned that there
 “ were

“ were not two men in his whole university
 “ who understood Greek. This amazed
 “ me. I instantly resolved to travel to
 “ Louvain, and there live by teaching
 “ Greek ; and in this design I was hearten-
 “ ed by my brother student, who threw
 “ out some hints that a fortune might be
 “ got by it.

“ I set boldly forward the next morning.
 “ Every day lessened the burthen of my
 “ moveables, like Æsop and his basket of
 “ bread ; for I paid them for my lodgings
 “ to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I
 “ came to Louvain, I was resolved not to
 “ go sneaking to the lower professors, but
 “ openly tendered my talents to the prin-
 “ cipal himself. I went, had admittance,
 “ and offered him my service as a master
 “ of the Greek language, which I had been
 “ told was a desideratum in his university.
 “ The *principal* seemed at first to doubt of
 “ my abilities ; but of these I offered to con-
 “ vince him, by turning a part of any
 “ Greek author he should fix upon into La-
 “ tin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my
 “ proposal, he addressed me thus : You see
 “ me,

“ me, young man, continued he, I never
 “ learned Greek, and I don’t find that I
 “ ever missed it. I have had a doctor’s cap
 “ and gown without Greek: I have ten
 “ thousand florins a year without Greek;
 “ and I eat heartily without Greek. In
 “ short, continued he, I don’t know Greek,
 “ and I do not believe there is any use in it.

“ I was now too far from home to think
 “ of returning: so I resolved to go for-
 “ ward. I had some knowledge of music,
 “ with a tolerable voice, and now turned
 “ what was once my amusement into a pre-
 “ sent means of bare subsistence. I passed
 “ among the harmless peasants of Flanders,
 “ and among such of the French as were
 “ poor enough to be very merry; for I
 “ ever found them sprightly in proportion
 “ to their wants. Whenever I approached
 “ a peasant’s house towards night-fall, I
 “ played one of my most merry tunes, and
 “ that procured me not only a lodging, but
 “ subsistence for the next day. I once or
 “ twice attempted to play for people of fa-
 “ shion; but they still thought my per-
 “ formance odious, and never rewarded me
 “ even

“ even with a trifle. This was to me the
“ more extraordinary, as whenever I used
“ formerly to play for company, when play-
“ ing was my amusement, my music never
“ failed to throw them into raptures, and
“ the ladies especially; but as it was now
“ my only means, it was received with
“ contempt: a proof how ready the world
“ is to under-rate those talents which a
“ man lives by.

“ In this manner I proceeded to Paris,
“ with no design but just to look about me,
“ and then to go forward. The people of
“ Paris are much fonder of strangers that
“ have money, than of those that have wit,
“ You may imagine then, as I could not
“ boast much of either, that I was no great
“ favourite. After I had walked about the
“ town four or five days, and seen the out-
“ sides of the best houses, I was preparing
“ to leave this retreat of venal hospitality,
“ when passing through one of the principal
“ streets, whom should I meet but our cou-
“ sin, to whom you first recommended me.
“ This meeting was very agreeable to me,
“ and I believe not displeasing to him.

“ He enquired into the nature of my jour-
 “ ney to Paris, and informed me of his bu-
 “ siness there, which was to collect pic-
 “ tures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of
 “ all kinds, for a gentleman in London,
 “ who had just stepped into taste and a large
 “ fortune. I was still more surprised at
 “ seeing our cousin pitched upon for this
 “ office, as himself had often assured me he
 “ knew nothing of the matter. Upon my
 “ asking how he had been taught the art
 “ of a connoisseur so very suddenly, he as-
 “ sured me that nothing was more easy:
 “ The whole secret consisted in a strict ad-
 “ herence to two rules: the one always to
 “ observe, that the picture might have
 “ been better if the painter had taken
 “ more pains; and the other, to praise the
 “ works of Pietro Perugino. But, says he,
 “ as I once taught you how to be an au-
 “ thor in London, I’ll now undertake to
 “ instruct you in the art of picture buying
 “ at Paris.

“ With this proposal I very readily
 “ closed, as it was a living, and now all my
 “ ambition was to live. I went therefore

“ to

“ to his lodgings, improved my dress by
“ his assistance, and after some time, ac-
“ companied him to auctions of pictures,
“ where the English gentry were expected
“ to be purchasers. I was not a little sur-
“ prised at his intimacy with people of the
“ best fashion, who referred themselves to
“ his judgment upon every picture or me-
“ dal, as to an unerring standard of taste.
“ He made very good use of my assistance
“ upon these occasions; for when asked his
“ opinion, he would gravely take me aside,
“ and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return,
“ and assure the company, that he could
“ give no opinion upon an affair of so much
“ importance. Yet there was sometimes
“ an occasion for a more supported assu-
“ rance. I remember to have seen him,
“ after giving his opinion that the colour-
“ ing of a picture was not mellow enough,
“ very deliberately take a brush with
“ brown varnish, that was accidentally
“ lying in the place, and rub it over the
“ piece with great composure before all the
“ company, and then ask if he had not im-
“ proved the tints.

“ When he had finished his commission
 “ in Paris, he left me strongly recommend-
 “ ed to several men of distinction, as a per-
 “ son very proper for a travelling tutor;
 “ and I was after some time employed in
 “ that capacity by a gentleman who
 “ brought his ward to Paris, in order to
 “ set him forward on his tour through
 “ Europe. I was to be the young gentle-
 “ man’s governor, with this injunction,
 “ that he should always be permitted to
 “ direct himself. My pupil in fact under-
 “ stood the art of guiding in money con-
 “ cerns much better than I. He was
 “ heir to a fortune of about two hundred
 “ thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in
 “ the West-Indies; and his guardians, to
 “ qualify him for the management of it,
 “ had bound him apprentice to an attor-
 “ ney. Thus avarice was his prevailing
 “ passion: all his questions on the road
 “ where how money might be saved; which
 “ was the least expensive course of travel;
 “ whether any thing could be bought that
 “ would turn to account when disposed of
 “ again in London. Such curiosities on
 “ the

“ the way as could be seen for nothing he
 “ he was ready enough to look at ; but if the
 “ sight was to be paid for, he usually as-
 “ serted that he had been told it was not
 “ worth seeing. He never paid a bill, that
 “ he would not observe, how amazingly
 “ expensive travelling was, and all this .
 “ though he was not yet come to the age
 “ of twenty-one. When arrived at Leg-
 “ horn, as we took a walk to look at the
 “ port and shipping, he enquired the ex-
 “ pence of the passage by sea home to Eng-
 “ land. This he was informed was but a
 “ trifle, compared to his returning by land,
 “ he was therefore unable to withstand the
 “ temptation ; so paying me the small part
 “ of my salary that was then due, he took
 “ leave, and embarked with only one at-
 “ tendant for London.

“ I now therefore was left once more
 “ upon the world at large, but then it was
 “ a thing I was used to. However my
 “ skill in music could avail me nothing in
 “ a country where every peasant was a bet-
 “ ter musician than I ; but by this time I

“ had acquired another talent, which an-
 “ swered my purpose as well, and this was
 “ a skill in disputation. In all the foreign
 “ universities and convents, there are upon
 “ certain days philosophical theses main-
 “ tained against every adventitious dispu-
 “ tant ; for which, if the champion opposes
 “ with any dexterity, he can claim a gra-
 “ tuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for
 “ one night. In this manner therefore I
 “ fought my way towards England, walked
 “ along from city to city, examined man-
 “ kind more nearly, and, if I may so express
 “ it, saw both sides of the picture. My
 “ remarks, however, were few : I found
 “ that monarchy was the best government
 “ for the poor to live in, and common-
 “ wealths for the rich. I found that riches
 “ in general were in every country another
 “ name for freedom ; and that no man is
 “ so fond of freedom himself that he would
 “ not chuse to subject the will of some in-
 “ dividuals of society to his own.

“ Upon my arrival in England, I resol-
 “ ved to pay my respects first to you, and
 “ then to enlist as a volunteer in the first
 “ expedition

“ expedition that was sent out ; but on my
 “ journey down my resolutions were
 “ changed, by meeting an old acquaint-
 “ ance, who I found belonged to a com-
 “ pany of comedians, that were going to
 “ make a summer campaign in the coun-
 “ try. The company seemed not much to
 “ disapprove of me for an associate. They
 “ all, however, apprized me of the impor-
 “ tance of the task at which I aimed ; that
 “ the public was a many headed monster,
 “ and that only such as had very good
 “ heads could please it : that acting was
 “ not to be learnt in a day ; and that with-
 “ out some traditional shrugs, which had
 “ been on the stage, and only on the stage,
 “ these hundred years, I could never pre-
 “ tend to please. The next difficulty was
 “ in fitting me with parts, as almost every
 “ character was in keeping. I was driven,
 “ for some time, from one character to ano-
 “ ther, till at last Horatio was fixed upon,
 “ which the presence of the present com-
 “ pany happily hindered me from acting.”

C H A P. II.

The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

MY son's account was too long to be delivered at once, the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the 'Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprize, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time, his
presence

presence seemed only to encrease the general good humour.

After tea he called me aside, to enquire after my daughter ; but upon my informing him that my enquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surpris'd ; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son ; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret ; " For at best," cried he, " it is but divulging one's own infamy ; " and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so " guilty as we all imagine." We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the 'Squire in, to stand up at country dances ; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken ; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the

will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me : we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold ; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot shewed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to encrease for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family ; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone : the morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West-Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two.

“ As

“As for this trifling piece of service,” continued the young gentleman, “I desire
 “no other reward but the pleasure of
 “having served my friend; and as for the
 “hundred pound to be paid, if you are
 “unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your
 O leisure.” This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily therefore gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress, for Miss Wilmot actually loved him, he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had
 taken

taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all I had, my blessing. “ And
 “ now, my boy,” cried I, “ thou art going
 “ to fight for thy country, remember how
 “ thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons
 “ was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate
 “ him in all but his misfortunes, if it was
 “ a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland.
 “ Go, my boy, and if you fall, tho’ distant,
 “ exposed and unwept by those that love
 “ you, the most precious tears are those
 “ with which heaven bedews the unburied
 “ head of a foldier.”

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to heaven to spare and to forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of
 of

of home, having hired an horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public house by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young 'Squire Thornhill, whom the host assured me was hated as much as an uncle of his, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks possession, he turned them out unregarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there, to
which

which he only replied in an ironical way
 by drinking her health. "Mr. Sym-
 mons," cried she, "you use me very
 ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three
 parts of the business is left for me to do,
 and the fourth left unfinished; while you
 do nothing but soak with the guests all
 day long, whereas if a spoonful of liquor
 were to cure me of a fever, I never touch
 a drop." I now found what she would
 be at, and immediately poured her out a
 glass, which she received with a curtesy,
 and drinking towards my good health,
 "Sir," resumed she, "it is not so much
 for the value of the liquor I am angry,
 but one cannot help it, when the house
 is going out of the windows. If the cus-
 tomers or guests are to be dunned, all
 the burthen lies upon my back, he'd as
 lief eat that glass as budge after them
 himself. There now above stairs, we
 have a young woman who has come to
 take up her lodgings here, and I don't
 believe she has got any money by her
 over-civility. I am certain she is very
 slow of payment, and I wish she were
 put

“ put in mind of it.”——“ What signifies
 “ minding her,” cried the host, if she be
 “ slow, she is sure.”——“ I don’t know
 “ that,” replied the wife ; “ but I know
 “ that I am sure she has been here a fort-
 “ night, and we have not yet seen the cross
 “ of her money.”——“ I suppose, my dear,”
 cried he, “ we shall have it all in a lump.”
 —— “ In a lump!” cried the other, I hope
 “ we may get it any way ; and that I
 “ am resolved we shall this very night, or
 “ out she tramps, bag and baggage.”——
 “ Consider, my dear,” cried the husband,
 “ she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more
 “ respect.”——“ As for the matter of that,”
 returned the hostess, “ gentle or simple,
 “ out she shall pack with a fassarara. Gen-
 “ try may be good things where they take,
 “ but for my part I never saw much good
 “ of them at the sign of the Harrow.”——
 Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of
 stairs, that went from the kitchen to a room
 over-head, and I soon perceived by the
 loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of
 her reproaches, that no money was to be
 had from her lodger. I could hear her re-
 monstrances

monstrances very distinctly : “ Out, I say,
 “ pack out this moment, tramp, thou infam-
 “ mous strumpet, or I’ll give thee a mark
 “ thou won’t be the better for this three
 “ months. What ! you trumpery, to come
 “ and take up an honest house, without
 “ cross or coin to bless yourself with ; come
 “ along, I say.”—“ O dear madam,” cried
 the stranger, “ pity me, pity a poor aban-
 “ doned creature for one night, and death
 “ will soon do the rest.”—I instantly knew
 the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia.
 I flew to her rescue, while the woman was
 dragging her along by the hair, and caught
 the dear forlorn wretch in my arms.—
 “ Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest
 “ lost one, my treasure, to your poor old
 “ father’s bosom. Tho’ the vicious forsake
 “ thee, there is yet one in the world that
 “ will never forsake thee ; tho’ thou hadst
 “ ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will
 “ forget them all.”—“ O my own dear”—
 for minutes she could no more—“ my own
 “ dearest good papa ! Could angels be
 “ kinder ! How do I deserve so much ! The
 “ villain, I hate him and myself, to be a
 “ reproach

“ reproach to such goodness. You can’t
“ forgive me. I know you cannot.”——
“ Yes, my child, from my heart I do for-
“ give thee! Only repent, and we both
“ shall yet be happy. We shall see many
“ pleasant days yet, my Olivia!”——“ Ah!
“ never, sir, never. The rest of my
“ wretched life must be infamy abroad and
“ shame at home. But, alas! papa, you
“ look much paler than you used to do.
“ Could such a thing as I am give you so
“ much uneasiness? Sure you have too
“ much wisdom to taste the miseries of my
“ guilt upon yourself.”——“ Our wisdom,
“ young woman,” replied I.—“ Ah, why
“ so cold a name, papa?” cried she. “ This
“ is the first time you ever called me by so
“ cold a name.”——“ I ask pardon, my dar-
“ ling,” returned I; “ but I was going to
“ observe, that wisdom makes but a slow
“ defence against trouble, though at last a
“ sure one.”

The landlady now returned to know if
we did not chuse a more genteel apart-
ment, to which assenting, we were shewn
a room,

a room, where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. "That villain, sir," said she, from "the first day of our meeting made me "honourable, though private, proposals."

"Villain indeed," cried I; "and yet it "in some measure surprizes me, how a "person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and "seeming honour could be guilty of such "deliberate baseness, and thus step into a "family to undo it."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you labour under a strange mistake; "Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive "me. Instead of that he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me "against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, "who now I find was even worse than "he represented him."—"Mr. Thornhill," interrupted I, "can it be?"—"Yes, Sir," returned she, "it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employed

“ployed the two ladies, as he called them,
“but who, in fact, were abandoned wo-
“men of the town, without breeding or
“pity, to decoy us up to London. Their
“artifices, you may remember, would have
“certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Bur-
“chell’s letter, who directed those re-
“proaches at them, which we all applied
“to ourselves. How he came to have so
“much influence as to defeat their inten-
“tions, still remains a secret to me; but
“I am convinced he was ever our warmest,
“sincerest friend.”

“You amaze me, my dear,” cried F;
“but now I find my first suspicions of Mr.
“Thornhill’s baseness were too well
“grounded: but he can triumph in secu-
“rity; for he is rich and we are poor.
“But tell me, my child, sure it was no
“small temptation that could thus oblite-
“rate all the impressions of such an edu-
“cation, and so virtuous a disposition as
“thine.”

“Indeed, Sir,” replied she, “he owes
“all his triumph to the desire I had of
“making

“ making him, and not myself, happy. I
 “ knew that the ceremony of our marriage,
 “ which was privately performed by a po-
 “ pish priest, was no way binding, and that
 “ I had nothing to trust to but his honour.”
 “ What,” interrupted I, “ and were you
 “ indeed married by a priest, and in or-
 “ ders?”—“ Indeed, Sir, we were,” re-
 plied she, “ though we were both sworn
 “ to conceal his name.”—“ Why then, my
 “ child, come to my arms again, and now
 “ you are a thousand times more welcome
 “ than before : for you are now his wife
 “ to all intents and purposes : nor can all
 “ the laws of man, tho’ written upon tables
 “ of adamant, lessen the force of that sa-
 “ cred connexion.”

“ Alas, Papa,” replied she, “ you are
 “ but little acquainted with his villainies :
 “ he has been married already, by the
 “ same priest, to six or eight wives more,
 “ whom, like me, he has deceived and
 “ abandoned.”

“ Has

“ Has he so ?” cried I, “ then we must
“ hang the priest, and you shall inform
“ against him to-morrow.”—“ But, Sir,”
“ returned she, will that be right, when I
“ am sworn to secrecy ?”—“ My dear,” I
replied, “ if you have made such a promise,
“ I cannot, nor will not, tempt you to
“ break it. Even tho’ it may benefit the
“ public, you must not inform against him.
“ In all human institutions a smaller evil
“ is allowed to procure a greater good ;
“ as in politics, a province may be given
“ away to secure a kingdom ; in medicine,
“ a limb may be lopt off, to preserve the
“ body. But in religion the law is written,
“ and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And
“ this law, my child, is right : for other-
“ wise, if we commit a smaller evil, to pro-
“ cure a greater good, certain guilt would
“ be thus incurred, in expectation of con-
“ tingent advantage. And though the ad-
“ vantage should certainly follow, yet the
“ interval between commission and advan-
“ tage, which is allowed to be guilty, may
“ be that in which we are called away to
“ answer for the things we have done, and
“ the

“ the volume of human actions is closed
 “ for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear,
 “ go on.”

“ The very next morning,” continued
 she, “ I found what little expectations I
 “ was to have from his sincerity. That
 “ very morning he introduced me to two
 “ unhappy women more, whom, like me,
 “ he had deceived, but who lived in con-
 “ tented prostitution. I loved him too ten-
 “ derly to bear such rivals in his affections,
 “ and strove to forget my infamy in a tu-
 “ mult of pleasures. With this view, I
 “ danced, dressed, and talked ; but still was
 “ unhappy. The gentlemen who visited
 “ there told me every moment of the
 “ power of my charms, and this only con-
 “ tributed to encrease my melancholy, as
 “ I had thrown all their power quite away.
 “ Thus each day I grew more pensive, and
 “ he more insolent, till at last the monster
 “ had the assurance to offer me to a young
 “ Baronet of his acquaintance. Need I
 “ describe, Sir, how his ingratitude stung
 “ me. My answer to this proposal was al-
 “ most

“ most madness. I desired to part. As
“ I was going he offered me a purse ; but
“ I flung it at him with indignation, and
“ burst from him in a rage, that for a
“ while kept me insensible of the miseries
“ of my situation. But I soon looked round
“ me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty
“ thing, without one friend in the world to
“ apply to.

“ Just in that interval, a stage-coach
“ happening to pass by, I took a place, it
“ being my only aim to be driven at a dis-
“ tance from a wretch I despised and de-
“ tested. I was set down here, where,
“ since my arrival, my own anxiety, and
“ this woman’s unkindness, have been my
“ only companions. The hours of plea-
“ sure that I have passed with my mamma
“ and sister, now grow painful to me.
“ Their sorrows are much ; but mine is
“ greater than theirs ; for mine is guilt and
“ infamy.”

“ Have patience, my child,” cried I,
“ and I hope things will yet be better.
“ Take some repose to-night, and to-mor-
“ row

" now I'll carry you home to your mother,
 " and the rest of the family, from whom
 " you will receive a kind reception. Poor
 " woman, this has gone to her heart : but
 " she loves you still, Olivia, and will for-
 " get it."

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is
love at bottom.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder heaven was to us, than we were to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world, shewed her, that books were sweet

unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house, and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to come for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. My heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that has been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side, with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive.

receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near mid-night that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent: my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, the house was bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture was red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to ob-

jects of new terror ; for the flames had, by this time, caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones ; but they were not to be seen. O misery ! “ Where,” cried I, “ where are my little ones ? ” — “ They are burnt to death in the flames,” says my wife calmly, “ and I will die with them.” — That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. “ Where, where, are my children ? ” cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, “ Where are my little ones ? ” — “ Here, dear papa, here we are,” cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. “ Now,” cried I, holding up my children,

“ now

“ now let the flames burn on, and all my
 “ possessions perish. Here they are, I have
 “ saved my treasure. Here, my dearest,
 “ here are our treasures, and we shall yet
 “ be happy.” We kissed our little darlings
 a thousand times, they clasped us round
 the neck, and seemed to share our tran-
 sports, while their mother laughed and
 wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the
 flames, and, after some time, began to per-
 ceive that my arm to the shoulder was
 scorched in a terrible manner. It was
 therefore out of my power to give my son
 any assistance, either in attempting to save
 our goods, or preventing the flames spread-
 ing to our corn. By this time, the neigh-
 bours were alarmed, and came running to
 our assistance ; but all they could do was
 to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity.
 My goods, among which were the notes I
 had reserved for my daughters fortunes,
 were entirely consumed, except a box, with
 some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and
 two or three things more of little conse-

quence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us cloaths, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils ; so that by day-light we had another, tho' a wretched, dwelling to retire to. My honest next neighbour, and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place ; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one ; and tho' we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, yet to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my
arm

arm now grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. “ Ah, madam,” cried her mother, “ this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope heaven will forgive you.”—During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress: wherefore assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, “ I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the

“ revival of our tenderness. The real hard-
“ ships of life are now coming fast upon us,
“ let us not therefore encrease them by dis-
“ sention among each other. If we live
“ harmoniously together, we may yet be
“ contented, as there are enough of us here
“ to shut out the censuring world, and keep
“ each other in countenance. The kind-
“ ness of heaven is promised to the peni-
“ tent, and let ours be directed by the ex-
“ ample. Heaven, we are assured, is much
“ more pleased to view a repentant sinner,
“ than many persons who have supported a
“ course of undeviating rectitude. And
“ this is right ; for that single effort by
“ which we stop short in the down-hill path
“ to perdition, is itself a greater exertion
“ of virtue, than an hundred acts of jus-
“ tice.”

CHAP. IV.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such, as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours too came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repress his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for

continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to chearfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind, her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet, bestowed on her sister, brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as once vice, tho' cured, almost ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, tho' driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for her's collecting such amusing passages of history, as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of one who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told

" us

“ us by a grave, tho’ sometimes a roman-
“ cing, historian.

“ Matilda was married very young to a
“ Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality,
“ and found herself a widow and a mother
“ at the age of fifteen. As she stood one
“ day caressing her infant son in the open
“ window of an apartment, which hung
“ over the river Volturna, the child, with
“ a sudden spring, leaped from her arms
“ into the flood below, and disappeared in
“ a moment. The mother, struck with in-
“ stant surprize, and making an effort to
“ save him, plunged in after ; but, far from
“ being able to assist the infant, she herself
“ with great difficulty escaped to the op-
“ posite shore, just when some French sol-
“ diers were plundering the country on
“ that side, who immediately made her
“ their prisoner.

“ As the war was then carried on be-
“ tween the French and Italians with the
“ utmost inhumanity, they were going at
“ once to perpetrate those two extremes,
“ suggested by appetite and cruelty. This
“ base

“ base resolution, however, was opposed by
 “ a young officer, who, tho’ their retreat re-
 “ quired the utmost expedition, placed her
 “ behind him, and brought her in safety to
 “ his native city. Her beauty at first
 “ caught his eye, her merit soon after his
 “ heart. They were married; he rose to
 “ the highest posts; they lived long toge-
 “ ther, and were happy. But the felicity
 “ of a soldier can never be called perma-
 “ nent: after an interval of several years,
 “ the troops which he commanded having
 “ met with a repulse, he was obliged to
 “ take shelter in the city where he had lived
 “ with his wife. Here they suffered a
 “ siege, and the city at length was taken.
 “ Few histories can produce more various
 “ instances of cruelty, than those which
 “ the French and Italians at that time ex-
 “ ercised upon each other. It was resolved
 “ by the victors, upon this occasion, to put
 “ all the French prisoners to death; but
 “ particularly the husband of the unfortu-
 “ nate Matilda, as he was principally in-
 “ strumental in protracting the siege.
 “ Their determinations were, in general,
 “ executed

“ executed almost as soon as resolved up-
 “ on. The captive soldier was led forth,
 “ and the executioner, with his sword,
 “ stood ready, while the spectators in gloo-
 “ my silence awaited the fatal blow, which
 “ was only suspended till the general, who
 “ presided as judge, should give the signal.
 “ It was in this interval of anguish and ex-
 “ pectation, that Matilda came to take her
 “ last farewell of her husband and deli-
 “ verer, deploring her wretched situation,
 “ and the cruelty of fate, that had saved
 “ her from perishing by a premature death
 “ in the river Volturna, to be the spectator
 “ of still greater calamities. The general,
 “ who was a young man, was struck with
 “ surprize at her beauty, and pity at her
 “ distress; but with still stronger emotions
 “ when he heard her mention her former
 “ dangers. He was her son, the infant for
 “ whom she had encounter’d so much dan-
 “ der. He acknowledged her at once as
 “ his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest
 “ may be easily supposed: the captive was
 “ set free, and all the happiness that love,
 “ friendship,

“ friendship, and duty could confer on each,
“ were united.”

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt: and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information, that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, tho' he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to encrease poor Olivia's affliction; such a flagrant breach of fidelity, was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter,

a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornbill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies dressed in white, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the 'Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond
of

of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

“ Why let him if he can,” returned I :
“ but, my son, observe this bed of straw,
“ and unsheltering roof; those mouldering
“ walls, and humid floor; my wretched
“ body thus disabled by fire, and my chil-
“ dren weeping round me for bread; you
“ have come home, my child, to all this,
“ yet here, even here, you see a man that
“ would not for a thousand worlds ex-
“ change situations. O, my children, if you
“ could but learn to commune with your
“ own hearts, and know what noble com-
“ pany you can make them, you would
“ little regard the elegance and splendours
“ of the worthless. Almost all men have
“ been taught to call life a passage, and
“ themselves the travellers. The similitude
“ still may be improved when we observe
“ that the good are joyful and serene, like
“ travellers that are going towards home;
“ the wicked but by intervals happy, like
“ travellers that are going into exile.”

My

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from this time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution: but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of over-wrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse chearfulness amongst the rest of the family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burthen them with a sadness they did not feel. Once more, therefore, the tale went round and the song was demanded, and chearfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation,

CHAP. V.

Fresh calamities.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season ; so that we agreed to breakfast together at the honey-suckle bank : where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was here my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. “ Do, my pretty Olivia,” cried she, “ let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of, your sister Sophy has already obliged us. “ Do, child, it will please your old father.”

She

She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,

What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, enquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only
" serves

“ serves to aggravate the baseness of your
 “ character ; and there was a time when I
 “ would have chastised your insolence, for
 “ presuming thus to appear before me. But
 “ now you are safe ; for age has cooled
 “ my passions, and my calling restrains
 “ them.”

“ I vow, my dear sir,” returned he, “ I
 “ am amazed at all this ; nor can I under-
 “ stand what it means ! I hope you don’t
 “ think your daughter’s late excursion
 “ with me had any thing criminal in it.”

“ Go,” cried I, “ thou art a wretch, a
 “ poor pitiful wretch, and every way a
 “ liar ; but your meanness secures you from
 “ my anger ! Yet, sir, I am descended from
 “ a family that would not have borne this !
 “ And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a mo-
 “ mentary passion, thou hast made one poor
 “ creature wretched for life, and polluted
 “ a family that had nothing but honour for
 “ their portion.”

“ If she or you,” returned he, “ are re-
 “ solved to be miserable, I cannot help it.
 “ But

“ But you may still be happy ; and what-
“ ever opinion you may have formed of
“ me, you shall ever find me ready to con-
“ tribute to it. We can readily marry her
“ to another, and what is more, she may
“ keep her lover beside ; for I protest I
“ shall ever continue to have a true regard
“ for her.”

I found all my passions awakened at this new degrading proposal ; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.—

“ Avoid my sight, thou reptile,” cried I,
“ nor continue to insult me with thy pre-
“ sence. Were my brave son at home, he
“ would not suffer this ; but I am old, and
“ disabled, and every way undone.”

“ I find,” cried he, “ you are bent upon
“ obliging me to talk in an harsher manner
“ than I intended. But as I have shewn
“ you what may be hoped from my friend-
“ ship, it may not be improper to repre-
“ sent what may be the consequences of
“ my resentment. My attorney, to whom
“ your

“ your late bond has been transferred,
 “ threatens hard, nor do I know how to
 “ prevent the course of justice, except by
 “ paying the money myself, which, as I
 “ have been at some expences lately, pre-
 “ vious to my intended marriage, it is not
 “ so easy to be done. And then my
 “ steward talks of driving for the rent: it
 “ is certain he knows his duty; for I never
 “ trouble myself with affairs of that nature.
 “ Yet still I could wish to serve you, and
 “ even to have you and your daughter pre-
 “ sent at my marriage, which is shortly to
 “ be solemnized with Miss Wilnot; it is
 “ even the request of my charming Ara-
 “ bella herself, whom I hope you will not
 “ refuse.”

“ Mr. Thornhill,” replied I, “ hear me
 “ once for all: as to your marriage with
 “ any but my daughter, that I never will
 “ consent to; and though your friendship
 “ could raise me to a throne, or your re-
 “ sentment sink me to the grave, yet
 “ would I despise both. Thou hast once
 “ wofully, irreparably, deceived me. I re-
 “ posed

“ posed my heart upon thine honour, and
“ have found its baseness. Never more,
“ therefore, expect friendship from me.
“ Go, and possess what fortune has given
“ thee, beauty, riches, health, and plea-
“ sure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy,
“ disease, and sorrow. Yet humbled as I
“ am, shall my heart still vindicate its dig-
“ nity, and though thou hast my forgive-
“ ness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.”

“ If so,” returned he, “ depend upon
“ it you shall feel the effects of this inso-
“ lence, and we shall shortly see which is
“ the fittest object of scorn, you or I.”—
Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with the apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference, which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort.

Like

Like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next day his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure: the terrors of a prison, in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

“Why, my treasures,” cried I, “why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right! My duty has
— taught

“ taught me to forgive him ; but my con-
“ science will not permit me to approve.
“ Would you have me applaud to the world
“ what my heart must internally condemn ?
“ Would you have me tamely sit down
“ and flatter our infamous betrayer ; and
“ to avoid a prison continually suffer the
“ more galling bonds of mental confine-
“ ment ! No, never. If we are to be taken
“ from this abode, only let us hold to the
“ right, and wherever we are thrown, we
“ can still retire to a charming apartment,
“ and look round our own hearts with in-
“ trepidity and with pleasure !”

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

“ My friends,” said I, “ this is severe
 “ weather on which you have come to take
 “ me to a prison ; and it is particularly un-
 “ fortunate at this time, as one of my arms
 “ has lately been burnt in a terrible man-
 “ ner, and it has thrown me into a slight
 “ fever, and I want cloaths to cover me,
 “ and I am now too weak and old to walk
 “ far in such deep snow : but if it must be
 “ so, I’ll try to obey you.”

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious, and desired my son to assist his elder sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost
 anguish

anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

C H A P. IV.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had an horse, kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other, while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell not for her own but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting
of

of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

“ What ! my friends,” cried I, “ and is
 “ this the way you love me ! Is this the
 “ manner you obey the instructions I have
 “ given you from the pulpit ! Thus to fly
 “ in the face of justice, and bring down
 “ ruin on yourselves and me ! Which is
 “ your ringleader ? Shew me the man that

“ has thus seduced you. As sure as he
 “ lives he shall feel my resentment. Alas !
 “ my dear deluded flock, return back to
 “ the duty you owe to God, to your coun-
 “ try, and to me. I shall yet perhaps one
 “ day see you in greater felicity here, and
 “ contribute to make your lives more hap-
 “ py. But let it at least be my comfort
 “ when I pen my fold for immortality, that
 “ not one here shall be wanting.”

They now seemed all repentance, and
 melting into tears, came one after the other
 to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly
 by the hand, and leaving them my blessing,
 proceeded forward without meeting any
 farther interruption. Some hours before
 night we reached the town, or rather vil-
 lage ; for it consisted but of a few mean
 houses, having lost all its former opulence,
 and retaining no marks of its ancient supe-
 riority but the gaol.

Upon entering, we put up at an inn,
 where we had such refreshments as could
 most readily be procured, and I supped
 with

with my family with my usual chearfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery ; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison soon was filled with riot, laughter, and prophaneness.

“How,” cried I to myself, “shall men
 “so very wicked be chearful, and shall I
 “be melancholy ! I feel only the same con-
 “finement with them, and I think I have
 “more reason to be happy.”

With such reflections I laboured to become chearful ; but chearfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting therefore in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it : for if good, I might profit by his instruction : if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense ; but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

“That’s

“ That’s unfortunate,” cried he, “ as
 “ you are allowed here nothing but straw,
 “ and your apartment is very large and
 “ cold. However you seem to be some-
 “ thing of a gentleman, and as I have been
 “ one myself in my time, part of my bed-
 “ cloaths are heartily at your service.”

I thanked him, professing my surprize
 at finding such humanity in a gaol in mis-
 fortunes; adding, to let him see that I was
 a scholar, “ That the sage ancient seemed
 “ to understand the value of company in
 “ affliction, when he said, *Ton kosmon*
 “ *aire, ei dos ton etairon*; and in fact,”
 continued I, “ what is the World if it af-
 “ fords only solitude ?”

“ You talk of the world, Sir,” returned
 my fellow prisoner; “ *the world is in its*
 “ *dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation*
 “ *of the world has puzzled the philosophers*
 “ *of every age. What a medley of opinions*
 “ *have they not broached upon the creation of*
 “ *the world. Sanconiatbon, Manetho, Be-*
 “ *rosus, and Ocellus Lucanus have all at-*

“ *tempted it in vain. The latter has these*
 “ *words, Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to*
 “ *pan, which implies——*“ I ask pardon,
 “ Sir,” cried I, “ for interrupting so much
 “ learning; but I think I have heard all
 “ this before. Have I not had the plea-
 “ sure of once seeing you at Welbridge
 “ fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jen-
 “ kinson?” At this demand he only sighed.
 “ I suppose you must recollect,” resumed
 I, “ one Doctor Primrose, from whom you
 “ bought a horse.”

He now at once recollected me; for the
 gloominess of the place and the approach-
 ing night had prevented his distinguishing
 my features before.——“ Yes, Sir,” re-
 turned Mr. Jenkinson, “ I remember you
 “ perfectly well, I bought an horse, but
 “ forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour
 “ Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am
 “ any way afraid of at the next assizes: for
 “ he intends to swear positively against me
 “ as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, Sir, I
 “ ever deceived you, or indeed any man;
 “ for you see,” continued he, shewing his
 shackles,

shackles, " what my tricks have brought
" me to."

" Well, sir," replied I, " your kindness
" in offering me assistance, when you could
" expect no return, shall be repaid with
" my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and
" I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity; nor do I in
" the least doubt but he will comply with
" my request, and as to my own evidence,
" you need be under no uneasiness about
" that."

" Well, sir," cried he, " all the return
" I can make shall be yours. You shall
" have more than half my bed-cloaths to
" night, and I'll take care to stand your
" friend in the prison, where I think I have
" some influence."

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him

him before, he appeared at least sixty.—

“ Sir,” answered he, “ you are little acquainted with the world ; I had at that time false hair, and have learnt the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that perhaps when you least expect it.”

We were now prevented from further conversation, by the arrival of the gaoler’s servants, who came to call over the prisoners name, and lock up for the night. A fellow also, with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the cloaths given me by my fellow prisoner ; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough,

enough, bade me a good-night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly corrector, I laid myself down and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

C H A P. VII.

A reformation in the gaol. To make laws complete, they should reward us well as punish.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed-side. The gloomy strength of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed; but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expence, for

for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing however previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

“ Well,” cried I, “ my good boys,
“ how do you like your bed? I hope you
“ are not afraid to lie in this room, dark
“ as it appears.”

“ No, papa,” says Dick, “ I am not
“ afraid to lie any where, where you are.”

“ And I,” says Bill, who was yet but
“ four years old, “ love every place best that
“ my papa is in.”

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health; my wife was to attend

tend me; my little boys were to read to me: "And as for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be full sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn, for our support."

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who finding all mankind in open arms against them, were, however, labouring

labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness a while from my mind. It even appeared as a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and in spite of their contempt to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good-humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However,

ever, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow prisoner, and now gained nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very prophane; because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal: "For be assured, my friends," cried I, "for you are my friends, however
 " the world may disclaim your friendship,
 " though you swore twelve thousand oaths
 " in a day, it would not put one penny in
 " your purse. Then what signifies calling
 " every moment upon the devil, and court-
 " ing his friendship, since you find how
 " scurvily he uses you. He has given you
 " nothing here, you find, but a mouthful
 " of oaths and an empty belly; and
 " by the best accounts I have of him,
 " he

“ he will give you nothing that’s good
“ hereafter.

“ If used ill in our dealings with one
“ man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were
“ it not worth your while then, just to try
“ how you make like the usage of another
“ master, who gives you fair promises at
“ least to come to him. Surely, my
“ Friends, of all stupidity in the world, his
“ must be greatest, who, after robbing an
“ house, runs to the thief-takers for protec-
“ tion. And yet how are you more wise?
“ You are all seeking comfort from him
“ that has already betrayed you, applying
“ to a more malicious being than any
“ thief-taker of them all; for they only de-
“ coy, and then hang you; but he decoys
“ and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will
“ not let you loose after the hangman has
“ done.”

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance.

tance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife had prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage, already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview therefore seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

“ Alas, Doctor,” cried he, “ these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this !”

“ Why,

“ Why, Mr. Jenkinson,” replied I, “ thank
“ heaven my children are pretty tolerable
“ in morals, and if they be good, it matters
“ little for the rest.”

“ I fancy, sir,” returned my fellow prisoner, “ that it must give you great comfort to have this little family about you.”

“ A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson,” replied I,
“ yes it is indeed a comfort, and I would
“ not be without them for all the world;
“ for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life
“ of wounding my happiness, and that is
“ by injuring them.

“ I am afraid then, sir,” cried he, “ that
“ I am in some measure culpable; for I
“ think I see here (looking at my son Moses) “ one that I have injured, and by whom
“ I wish to be forgiven.”

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise and taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. “ Yet,”
continued

continued he, " I can't help wondering at
 " what you could see in my face, to think
 " me a proper mark for deception."

" My dear sir," returned the other, " it
 " was not your face, but your white stock-
 " ings and the black riband in your hair,
 " that allured me. But no disparagement
 " to yours parts, I have deceived wiser men
 " than you in my time ; and yet, with all
 " my tricks, the blockheads have been too
 " many for me at last."

" I suppose," cried my son, " that the
 " narrative of such a life as yours must be
 " extremely instructive and amusing."

" Not much of either," returned Mr.
 Jenkinson. " Those relations which de-
 " scribe the tricks and vices only of man-
 " kind, by increasing our suspicion in life,
 " retard our success. The traveller that
 " distrusts every person he meets, and
 " turns back upon the appearance of every
 " man that looks like a robber, seldom ar-
 " rives in time to his journey's end."

" Indeed

“ Indeed I think from my own experience I may say, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood : when but seven years old the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man ; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies ; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that not one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection.

“ I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest.

“ How-

“ However,” continued he, “ let me
“ know your case, and what has brought
“ you here ; perhaps though I have not
“ skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extri-
“ cate my friends.”

In compliance with his curiosity, I in-
formed him of the whole train of accidents
and follies that had plunged me into my
present troubles, and my utter inability to
get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing
some minutes, he flapt his forehead, as if
he had hit upon something material, and
took his leave, saying he would try what
could be done.

C H A P. VIII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alledging the impossibility and impropriety of it ; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

“ Excuse me,” returned I, “ these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good council rejected returns to enrich the giver’s bosom ; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready

Vol. II. N “ to

“ to offer their ministry ; but, in my opi-
 “ nion, the heart that is buried in a dun-
 “ geon is as precious as that seated upon a
 “ throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can
 “ mend them I will ; perhaps they will
 “ not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch
 “ up even one from the gulph, and that
 “ will be great gain ; for is there upon
 “ earth a gem so precious as the human
 “ soul ?”

Thus saying, I left them, and descended
 to the common prison, where I found the
 prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival :
 and each prepared with some gaol trick to
 play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was go-
 ing to begin, one turned my wig awry, as
 if by accident, and then asked my pardon.
 A second, who stood at some distance, had
 a knack of spitting through his teeth,
 which fell in showers upon my book. A
 third would cry amen in such an affected
 tone as gave the rest great delight. A
 fourth hath silyly picked my pocket of my
 spectacles. But there was one whose trick
 gave more universal pleasure than all the
 rest ;

rest ; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However I took no notice of all that this mischievous groupe of little beings could do ; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt, would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing cribbage, and cutting tobacco stoppers. From this last mode of idle indus-

try I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and when manufactured, sold by my appointment ; so that each earned something every day : a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity. That it would appear convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them,
if

if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands ; it were to be wished we had as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives to virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state : nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms ; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If then I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact ; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than

to take it away, as it is not his own. And next the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live, than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between an hundred, or an hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages that are directed nearly by natural law alone are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as ~~they~~ were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined com-

community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our possessions were become dearer in proportion as they encreased, as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears, our possessions are pale'd up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

Whether is it from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should shew more convicts in a year, than half the dominions of Europe united? Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner ; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger ; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too ; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend ; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it ; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

C H A P. IX.

Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence than of virtue in this life. Temporal evils or felicities are regarded by heaven as things merely in themselves trifling and unworthy its care in the distribution.

I Had now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

“ I am glad to see thee, my dear,” cried I; “ but why this dejection, Livy ? I hope
 “ my love, you have too great a regard for
 “ me, to permit disappointment thus to
 “ undermine a life which I prize as my
 “ own. Be chearful, child, and we may
 “ yet see happier days.”

“ You have ever, sir,” replied she, “ been
 “ kind to me, and it adds to my pain that
 “ I shall never have an opportunity of
 “ sharing that happiness you promise.
 “ Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved
 “ for me here ; and I long to be rid of a
 “ place where I have only found distress.
 “ Indeed, Sir, I wish you would make a pro-
 “ per submission to Mr. Thornhill ; it may,
 “ in some measure, induce him to pity you,
 “ and it will give me relief in dying.”

“ Never, child,” replied I, “ I never
 “ shall be brought to acknowledge my
 “ daughter a prostitute ; for tho’ the world
 “ may look upon your offence with scorn,
 “ let it be mine to regard it as a mark of
 “ credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am
 “ no way miserable in this place, however
 “ dismal

“dismal it may seem, and be assured that
“while you continue to bless me by living,
“he shall never have my consent to make
“you more wretched by marrying another.”

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission, which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family was not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. “Beside,” added he, “I
“don’t know if it be just thus to obstruct
“the union of man and wife, which you
“do at present, by refusing to consent to
“a match which you cannot hinder, but
“may render unhappy.”

“Sir,” replied I, “you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am
“very sensible that no submission I can
“make could procure me liberty even for
“an hour. I am told that even in this very
“room a debtor of his, no later than last
“year,

“ year, died for want. But though my sub-
 “ mission and approbation could transfer
 “ me from hence, to the most beautiful
 “ apartment he is possessed of, yet I would
 “ grant neither ; as something whispers me
 “ that it would be giving a sanction to adul-
 “ tery. While my daughter lives, no other
 “ marriage of his shall ever be legal in my
 “ eye. Were she removed, indeed, I
 “ should be the basest of men, from any
 “ resentment of my own, to attempt put-
 “ ting asunder those who wish for an union.
 “ No, villain as he is, I could then wish him
 “ married, to prevent the consequences of
 “ his future debaucheries. But should I
 “ not now be the most cruel of all fathers,
 “ to sign an Instrument which must send
 “ my child to the grave, merely to avoid a
 “ prison myself ; and thus to escape one
 “ pang, break my child’s heart with a thou-
 “ sand ?”

He acquiesced in the justice of this an-
 swer, but could not avoid observing, that
 he feared my daughter’s life was already
 too much wasted to keep me long a pri-
 soner.

soner. " However, continued he, though
" you refuse to submit to the nephew,
" I hope you have no objections to laying
" your case before the uncle, who has the
" first character in the kingdom for every
" thing that is just and good. I would ad-
" vise you to send him a letter by the post,
" intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and
" my life for it that in three days you shall
" have an answer." I thank'd him for the
hint, and instantly set about complying;
but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our
money had been laid out that morning in
provisions, however he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state
of anxiety, to know what reception my
letter might meet with; but in the mean
time was frequently solicited by my wife
to submit to any conditions rather than re-
main here, and every hour received re-
peated accounts of the decline of my daugh-
ter's health. The third day and the fourth
arrived, but I received no answer to my let-
ter: the complaints of a stranger against a
favourite nephew, were no way likely to
succeed;

succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire, grew worse. But my children still sat by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine; every message from her contributed to encrease my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came. She was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient. She was
dead!

dead!—The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bid me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. “And is not my sister an angel, now,” “papa,” cried the eldest, “and why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me.” “Yes,” added my youngest darling, “Heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing that now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining, for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own, to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and

and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

“ Heaven be praised,” replied I, “ there
 “ is no pride left me now, I should detest
 “ my own heart if I saw either pride or
 “ resentment lurking there. On the con-
 “ trary, as my oppressor has been once
 “ my parishoner, I hope one day to pre-
 “ sent him up an unpolluted soul at the
 “ eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no re-
 “ sentment now, and though he has taken
 “ from me what I held dearer than all his
 “ treasures, though he has wrung my
 “ heart, for I am sick almost to fainting,
 “ very sick, my fellow prisoner, yet that
 “ shall never inspire me with vengeance.
 “ I am now willing to approve his mar-
 “ riage, and if this submission can do him
 “ any pleasure, let him know, that if I
 “ have done him any injury, I am sorry
 “ for it.” Mr. Jenkinson took pen and
 ink, and wrote down my submission nearly
 as I have expressed it, to which I signed
 my name. My son was employed
 to

to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

“ Well, sir,” said I to my fellow prisoner, “ you now discover the temper of
“ the

“ the man that oppresses me. He can at
 “ once be facetious and cruel ; but let him
 “ use me as he will, I shall soon be free,
 “ in spite of all his bolts to restrain me.
 “ I am now drawing towards an abode
 “ that looks brighter as I approach it : this
 “ expectation cheers my afflictions ; and
 “ though I shall leave an helpless family
 “ of orphans behind me, yet they will not
 “ be utterly forsaken ; some friend, per-
 “ haps, will be found to assist them for the
 “ sake of their poor father, and some may
 “ charitably relieve them for the sake of
 “ their heavenly father.”

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had
 not seen that day before, appeared with
 looks of terror, and making efforts, but
 unable to speak. “ Why, my love,” cried
 I, “ why will you thus encrease my afflic-
 “ tion by your own ; what though no sub-
 “ missions can turn our severe master, tho’
 “ he has doomed me to die in this place of
 “ wretchedness, and though we have lost a
 “ darling child, yet still you will find com-
 “ fort in your other children when I shall
 “ be

“ be no more. “ We have indeed lost,”
“ returned she, “ a darling child. My So-
“ phia, my dearest, is gone, snatched from
“ us, carried off by ruffians !”

“ How, madam,” cried my fellow pri-
soner, “ Miss Sophia carried off by villains,
“ sure it cannot be ?”

She could only answer with a fixed look and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account : she informed us that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together on the great road a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and four drove up to them and instantly stopt. Upon which, a well drest man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postillion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

“ Now,” cried I, “ the sum of my mis-
“ ries is made up, nor it is in the power of
“ any thing on earth to give me another
“ pang.

“ pang. What! not one left! not to leave
 “ me one! the monster! the child that was
 “ next my heart! she had the beauty of an
 “ angel, and almost the wisdom of an an-
 “ gel. But support that woman, nor let
 “ her fall. Not to leave me one!”——
 “ Alas! my husband, said my wife, “ you
 “ seem to want comfort even more than I.
 “ Our distresses are great; but I could
 “ bear this and more, if I saw you but
 “ easy. They may take away my chil-
 “ dren and all the world, if they leave me
 “ but you.”

My son, who was present, endeavoured
 to moderate our grief; he bade us take
 comfort, for he hoped that we might still
 have reason to be thankful.—“ My child,”
 cried I, “ look round the world, and see if
 “ there be any happiness left me now. Is
 “ not every ray of comfort shut out; while
 “ all our bright prospects only lie beyond
 “ the grave!”——“ My dear father,” re-
 turned he, “ I hope there is still something
 “ that will give you an interval of satisfac-
 “ tion; for I have a letter from my bro-
 “ ther

"ther George."———"What of him, child," interrupted I, "does he know of our misery. I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers?"———"Yes, sir," returned he, "he is perfectly gay, chearful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenantcy that becomes vacant!"

"And are you sure of all this," cried my wife, "are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?"———"Nothing indeed, madam," returned my son, "you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure; and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will." "But are you sure," still repeated she, "that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?"———"Yes, Madam," replied he, "it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family!"———"Then I thank providence," cried she, "that

“ that my last letter to him has miscar-
 “ ried.” “ Yes, my dear,” continued she,
 turning to me, “ I will now confess that
 “ though the hand of heaven is fore
 “ upon us in other instances, it has been
 “ favourable here. By the last letter I
 “ wrote my son, which was in the bitter-
 “ ness of anger, I desired him, upon his
 “ mother’s blessing, and if he had the
 “ heart of a man, to see justice done his
 “ father and sister, and avenge our cause.
 “ But thanks be to him that directs all
 “ things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest.”
 “ Woman,” cried I, “ thou hast done very
 “ ill, and at another time my reproaches
 “ might have been more severe. Oh! what
 “ a tremendous gulph hast thou escaped,
 “ that would have buried both thee and
 “ him in endless ruin. Providence, indeed,
 “ has here been kinder to to us than we to
 “ ourselves. It has reserved that son to be
 “ the father and protector of my children
 “ when I shall be away. How unjustly did
 “ I complain of being stript of every com-
 “ fort, when still I hear that he is happy
 “ and insensible of our afflictions; still kept
 “ in

“ in reserve to support his widowed mother, to protect his brothers and sisters. But what sisters has he left, he has no sisters now, they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone.”
“ — Father,” interrupted my son, “ I beg you will give me leave to read his letter, I know it will please you.” Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows :

Honoured Sir,

I Have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless groupe as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress! But whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

Our

Our regiment is countermanded and is not to leave the kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and could I forget you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends, and in this number, I fear, Sir, that I must consider you; for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am this moment in a most violent passion with them: yet still, I know not how, tho' I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that after all, I love them affectionately, and be assured of my ever remaining

Your dutiful son.

“ In

“ In all our miseries,” cried I, “ what
 “ thanks have we not to return, that one
 “ at least of our family is exempted from
 “ what we suffer. Heaven be his guard,
 “ and keep my boy thus happy to be the
 “ supporter of his widowed mother, and
 “ the father of these two babes, which are
 “ all the patrimony I can now bequeath
 “ him. May he keep their innocence
 “ from the temptations of want, and be
 “ their conductor in the paths of honour.”

I had scarce said these words, when a noise,
 like that of a tumult, seemed to proceed
 from the prison below; it died away soon
 after, and a clanking of fetters was heard
 along the passage that led to my apart-
 ment. The keeper of the prison entered,
 holding a man all bloody, wounded and
 fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked
 with compassion on the wretch as he ap-
 proached me, but with horror when I
 found it was my own son.——“ My
 “ George! My George! and do I behold
 “ thee thus. Wounded! Fettered! Is
 “ this thy happiness! Is this the manner
 “ you return to me! O that this sight

“ could break my heart at once and let
 “ me die !”

“ Where, Sir, is your fortitude,” returned my son with an intrepid voice.
 “ I must suffer, my life is forfeited, and
 “ let them take it ; it is my last happiness
 “ that I have committed no murder, tho’
 “ I have lost all hopes of pardon.”

I tried to restrain my passions for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort——“ O my
 “ boy, my heart weeps to behold thee
 “ thus, and I cannot, cannot help it. In
 “ the moment that I thought thee blest,
 “ and prayed for thy safety, to behold
 “ thee thus again ! Chained, wounded.
 “ And yet the death of the youthful is
 “ happy. But I am old, a very old man,
 “ and have lived to see this day. To see
 “ my children all untimely falling about
 “ me, while I continue a wretched survivor
 “ in the midst of ruin ! May all the
 “ curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy
 “ upon the murderer of my children.
 “ May he live, like me, to see——”

“ Hold,

"Hold, Sir," replied my son, "or I shall blush for thee. How, Sir, forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of heaven, and fling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, Sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion."

"My child, you must not die: I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him."

"Mine, Sir," returned my son, "is, I fear, an unpardonable one. I have sent a challenge, and that is death by a late act of parliament. When I received my mother's letter from home; I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour and sent him an

“ order to meet me, which he answered,
 “ not in person, but by his dispatching four
 “ of his domestics to seize me. I wounded
 “ one, but the rest made me their prisoner.
 “ The coward is determined to put the
 “ law in execution against me, the proofs
 “ are undeniable ; and as I am the first trans-
 “ gressor upon the statute, I see no hopes
 “ of pardon. But you have often charmed
 “ me with the lessons of fortitude, let me
 “ now, Sir, find them in your example.”

“ And, my son, you shall find them. I
 “ am now raised above this world, and all
 “ the pleasures it can produce. From this
 “ moment I break from my heart all the
 “ ties that held it down to earth, and will
 “ prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes,
 “ my son, I will point out the way, and my
 “ soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for
 “ we will take our flight together. I now
 “ see and am convinced you can expect no
 “ pardon here, and I can only exhort you
 “ to seek it at that greatest tribunal where
 “ we both shall shortly answer. But let
 “ us not be niggardly in our exhortation,
 “ but

“ but let all our fellow prisoners have a
“ share: good gaoler let them be permitted
“ to stand here, while I attempt to improve
“ them.” Thus saying, I made an effort
to rise from my straw, but wanted strength,
and was able only to recline against the
wall. The prisoners assembled according
to my directions, for they loved to hear my
council, my son and his mother supported
me on either side, I looked and saw that
none were wanting, and then addressed
them with the following exhortation.

C H A P. X.

The equal dealings of providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below. That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

MY friends, my children, and fellow sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for; but we daily see thousands who by suicide shew us they have nothing left to hope. In this life then it appears that we cannot be entirely blest, but yet we may be completely miserable!

Why

Why man should thus feel paid, why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity, why, when all other systems are made perfect only by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves? These are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy, and heaven seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its

shortness must be misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tell us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of heaven. To religion then we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending, and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate religion holds out a continuance of bliss, to the wretched a change from pain.

But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar reward to the unhappy; the sick, the naked, the houseless,

houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The author of our religion every where professes himself the wretch's friend, and unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect that it is not in the power even of heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first eternity is but a single blessing; since at most it but encreases what they already possess. To the latter it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

But providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, he has no posses-

sions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure : he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before ; for after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

Thus providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life, greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable ; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched and now was comforted, that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do ; it shews the

the equal dealings of heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

These are therefore the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living are not poor,

poor, and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can sooth the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a woe-worn heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain! Death is slight, and any man sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

To us then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear; for if our reward be in this life alone, we are then indeed of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us; this light that only serves to shew the horrors of the place, those shackles that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans, O my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these.

these. To fly through regions unconfined as air, to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss, to carol over endless hymns of praise, to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of goodness himself for ever in our eyes, when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having? When I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be if we but try for them; and what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours, and what is still a comfort, shortly too; for if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration;

ration ; as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time, ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end ; we shall soon lay down the heavy burthen laid by heaven upon us, and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon, still flies before him ; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil ; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth ; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below ; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship ; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.

C H A P. XI.

Happier prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty, observing that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but that he should be permitted to revisit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again, therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter ;

ter ; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopt at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the gaoler came with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me, that my daughter was found. Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news my dearest girl entered, and with looks almost wild, with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure—" Here, " papa," cried the charming girl, " here, " is the brave man to whom I owe my deliverance; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety —" A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers, interrupted what she was going to add.

" Ah,

“ Ah, Mr. Burchell,” cried I, “ this is
“ but a wretched habitation you now find
“ us in ; and we are now very different
“ from what you last saw us. You were
“ ever our friend : we have long discovered
“ our errors with regard to you, and re-
“ pented of our ingratitude. After the
“ vile usage you then received at my hands,
“ I am almost ashamed to behold your
“ face ; yet I hope you’ll forgive me, as I
“ was deceived by a base ungenerous
“ wretch, who, under the mask of friend-
“ ship, has undone me.”

“ It is impossible,” replied Mr. Burchell,
“ that I should forgive you, as you never
“ deserved my resentment. I partly saw
“ your delusion then, and as it was out of
“ my power to restrain, I could only pity
“ it !”

“ It was ever my conjecture,” cried I,
“ that your mind was noble ; but now I
“ find it so. But tell me, my dear child,
“ how hast thou been relieved, or who the
“ ruffians were who carried thee away ?”

“ Indeed,

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied she, “ as to the
 “ villain who brought me off, I am yet ig-
 “ norant. For as my mamma and I were
 “ walking out, he came behind us, and
 “ almost before I could call for help, forced
 “ me into the post chaise, and in an instant
 “ the horses drove away. I met several on
 “ the road, to whom I cried out for assist-
 “ ance ; but they disregarded my entrea-
 “ ties. In the mean time the ruffian him-
 “ self used every art to hinder me from
 “ crying out : he flattered and threatened
 “ by turns, and swore that if I continued
 “ but silent, he intended no harm. In the
 “ mean time I had broken the canvas that
 “ he had drawn up, and whom should I
 “ perceive at some distance but your old
 “ friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with
 “ his usual swiftness, with the great stick
 “ for which we used so much to ridicule
 “ him. As soon as we came within hear-
 “ ing, I called out to him by name, and
 “ entreated his help. I repeated my ex-
 “ clamations several times, upon which,
 “ with a very loud voice, he bid the pos-
 “ tillion stop ; but the boy took no notice,
 “ but

“ but drove on with still greater speed. I
 “ now thought he could never overtake us,
 “ when in less than a minute I saw Mr.
 “ Burchell come running up by the side of
 “ the horses, and with one blow knock the
 “ postillion to the ground. The horses
 “ when he was fallen soon stopt of them-
 “ selves, and the ruffian stepping out, with
 “ oaths and menaces drew his sword, and
 “ ordered him at his peril to retire; but
 “ Mr. Burchell running up, shivered his
 “ sword to pieces, and then pursued him
 “ for near a quarter of a mile; but he
 “ made his escape. I was at this time
 “ come out myself, willing to assist my de-
 “ liverer; but he soon returned to me in
 “ triumph. The postillion, who was reco-
 “ vered, was going to make his escape too;
 “ but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril
 “ to mount again, and drive back to town.
 “ Finding it impossible to resist, he reluc-
 “ tantly complied, though the wound he
 “ had received seemed, to me at least, to
 “ be dangerous. He continued to com-
 “ plain of the pain as we drove along, so
 “ that he at last excited Mr. Burchell’s
 “ com-

“ compassion, who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return.”

“ Welcome, then,” cried I, “ my child, and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompence she is yours, if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, Sir, that I give you no small treasure, she has been celebrated for beauty it is true, but that is not my meaning, I give you up a treasure in her mind.”

“ But I suppose, Sir,” cried Mr. Burchell, “ that you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves ?”

“ If your present objection,” replied I, “ be meant as an evasion of my offer, I
“ desist :

“ desist : but I know no man so worthy to
“ deserve her as you ; and if I could give
“ her thousands, and thousands sought her
“ from me, yet my honest brave Burchell
“ should be my dearest choice.”

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal, and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshment from the next inn ? To which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine ; and some cordials for me. Adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once, and tho' in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner, a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous, the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-drest dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and
we

we all seemed unwilling to damp her chearfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear chearful, the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble: so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow prisoner might be admitted, and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name were George, to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. "Come on," cried I, "my son, though we are fallen very low, yet providence has been pleased to
" grant

“ grant us some small relaxation from pain.
“ Thy sister is restored to us, and there is
“ her deliverer: to that brave man it is
“ that I am indebted for yet having a
“ daughter, give him, my boy, the hand
“ of friendship, he deserves our warmest
“ gratitude.”

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at respectful distance.—“ My dear brother,” cried his sister, “ why don’t you thank my
“ good deliverer; the brave should ever
“ love each other.”

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior

rior air, "I again find," said he, "unthinking boy, that the same crime"—But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon.—"Bid the fellow wait," cried our guest, "till I shall have leisure to receive him;" and then turning to my son, "I again find, Sir," proceeded he, "that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishment. You imagine perhaps, that a contempt for your own life, gives you a right to take that of another: but where, Sir, is the difference between a duelist who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud when he alledges that he has staked a counter?"

"Alas,

“ Alas, Sir,” cried I, “ whoever you are,
 “ pity the poor misguided creature; for
 “ what he has done was in obedience to a
 “ deluded mother, who in the bitterness
 “ of her resentment required him upon her
 “ blessing to avenge her quarrel. Here,
 “ Sir, is the letter, which will serve to con-
 “ vince you of her imprudence and dimi-
 “ nish his guilt.”

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. “ This,” says he, “ though not a
 “ perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his
 “ fault, as induces me to forgive him.
 “ And now, Sir,” continued he, kindly
 taking my son by the hand, “ I see you
 “ are surprised at finding me here; but I
 “ have often visited prisons upon occasions
 “ less interesting. I am now come to see
 “ justice done a worthy man, for whom I
 “ have the most sincere esteem. I have
 “ long been a disguised spectator of thy fa-
 “ ther’s benevolence. I have at his little
 “ dwelling enjoyed respect uncontaminated
 “ by flattery, and have received that hap-
 “ piness that courts could not give, from
 VOL. II. P “ the

“ the amusing simplicity round his fire-side.
 “ My nephew has been apprized of my in-
 “ tentions of coming here, and I find is ar-
 “ rived ; it would be wronging him and
 “ you to condemn him without examina-
 “ tion : if there be injury, there shall be
 “ redress ; and this I may say without
 “ boasting, that none have ever taxed the
 “ injustice of Sir William Thornhill.”

We now found the personage whom we
 had so long entertained as an harmless a-
 musing companion, was no other than the
 celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose
 virtues and singularities scarce any were
 strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in
 reality a man of large fortune and great in-
 terest, to whom senates listened with ap-
 plause, and whom party heard with con-
 viction ; who was the friend of his coun-
 try, but loyal to his king. My poor wife
 recollecting her former familiarity, seemed
 to shrink with apprehension ; but Sophia,
 who a few moments before thought him
 her own, now perceiving the immense dis-
 tance

tance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

“ Ah, Sir,” cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, “ how is it possible that I can
“ ever have your forgiveness; the slights
“ you received from me the last time I had
“ the honour of seeing you at our house,
“ and the jokes which I audaciously threw
“ out, these jokes, Sir, I fear can never be
“ forgiven.”

“ My dear good lady,” returned he with a smile, “ if you had your joke, I had my
“ answer: I’ll leave it to all the company
“ if mine were not as good as yours. To
“ say the truth, I know no body whom I
“ am disposed to be angry with at present
“ but the fellow who so frightened my little
“ girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal’s person so as to describe
“ him in an advertisement. Can you tell
“ me, Sophia, my dear, whether you
“ should know him again?”

“ Indeed, Sir,” replied she, “ I can’t be
 “ positive; yet now I recollect he had a
 “ large mark over one of his eye-brows.”
 “ I ask pardon, madam,” interrupted Jen-
 kinson, who was by, “ but be so good as
 “ to inform me if the fellow wore his own
 “ red hair ?”—“ Yes, I think so,” cried So-
 phia.—“ And did your honour,” continued
 he, turning to Sir William, “ observe the
 “ length of his legs ?”—“ I can’t be sure of
 “ their length,” cried the Baronet, but I
 “ am convinced of their swiftness; for he
 “ out-ran me, which is what I thought few
 “ men in the kingdom could have done.”
 —“ Please your honour,” cried Jenkinson,
 “ I know the man: it is certainly the
 “ same; the best runner in England; he
 “ has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle, Ti-
 “ mothy Baxter is his name, I know him
 “ perfectly, and the very place of his re-
 “ treat this moment. If your honour will
 “ bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go
 “ with me, I’ll engage to produce him to
 you in an hour at farthest.” Upon this
 “ the

“ the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. “ Yes, please your honour,” reply’d the gaoler, “ I know Sir William Thornhill well, and every body that knows any thing of him, will desire to know more of him.”——“ Well then,” said the Baronet, “ my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority, and as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you.”——“ Your promise is sufficient,” replied the other, “ and you may at a minute’s warning send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit.”

In pursuance of the gaoler’s compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William’s neck in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise

his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her; and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, "What, " Bill, you chubby rogue," cried he, "do " you remember your old friend Burchell; " and Dick too, my honest veteran, are " you here, you shall find I have not forgot you." So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before
we

we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour, with which request the Baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

C H A P. XII.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

MR. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. "No fawning, Sir, at present," cried the Baronet, with a look of severity, "the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, Sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompence for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into a prison perhaps but for re-
"senting

“ sending the insult? His son too, whom
“ you feared to face as a man——”

“ Is it possible, Sir,” interrupted his nephew, “ that my uncle could object that
“ as a crime which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid.”

“ Your rebuke,” cried Sir William, “ is
“ just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as
“ your father would have done: my brother indeed was the soul of honour; but
“ thou—yes you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my
“ warmest approbation.”

“ And I hope,” said his nephew, “ that
“ the rest of my conduct will not be found
“ to deserve censure. I appeared, Sir, with
“ this gentleman’s daughter at some places
“ of public amusement; thus what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name,
“ and it was reported that I had debauch-

“ ed her. I waited on her father in per-
 “ son, willing to clear the thing to his sa-
 “ tisfaction, and he received me only with
 “ insult and abuse. As for the rest, with
 “ regard to his being here, my attorney
 “ and steward can best inform you, as I
 “ commit the management of business en-
 “ tirely to them. If he has contracted
 “ debts and is unwilling or even unable to
 “ pay them, it is their business to proceed
 “ in this manner, and I see no hardship or
 “ injustice in pursuing the most legal means
 “ of redress.”

“ If this,” cried Sir William, “ be as
 “ you have stated it, there is nothing un-
 “ pardonable in your offence; and though
 “ your conduct might have been more ge-
 “ nerosus in not suffering this gentleman to
 “ be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet
 “ it has been at least equitable.”

“ He cannot contradict a single particu-
 “ lar,” replied the 'Squire, “ I defy him
 “ to

“ to do so, and several of my servants are
 “ ready to attest what I say. Thus, Sir,”
 continued he, finding that I was silent, for
 in fact I could not contradict him, “ thus,
 “ Sir, my own innocence is vindicated; but
 “ though at your entreaty I am ready to
 “ forgive this gentleman every other of-
 “ fence, yet his attempts to lessen me in
 “ your esteem, excite a resentment that I
 “ cannot govern. And this too at a time
 “ when his son was actually preparing to
 “ take away my life; this, I say, was such
 “ guilt, that I am determined to let the
 “ law take its course. I have here the chal-
 “ lenge that was sent me and two witnesses
 “ to prove it; and even though my uncle
 “ himself should dissuade me, which I
 “ know he will not, yet I will see public
 “ justice done, and he shall suffer for it.”

“ Thou monster,” cried my wife, “ hast
 “ thou not had vengeance enough already,
 “ but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty.
 “ I hope that good Sir William will pro-
 “ tect

“test us, for my son is as innocent as a
 “child; I am sure he is, and never did
 “harm to man.”

“Madam,” replied the good man, “your
 “wishes for his safety are not greater than
 “mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt
 “too plain; and if my nephew persists—”
 But the appearance of Jenkinson and the
 gaoler’s two servants now called off our at-
 tention, who entered, haling in a tall man,
 very genteelly dressed, and answering the de-
 scription already given of the ruffian who
 had carried off my daughter——“Here,”
 cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, “here we
 “have him, and if ever there was a can-
 “didate for Tyburn, this is one.”

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived
 the prisoner, and Jenkinson who had him
 in custody, he seemed to shrink back with
 terror. His face became pale with con-
 scious guilt, and he would have with-
 drawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his
 design,

design, stopt him——“ What, 'Squire,”
cried he, “ are you ashamed of your two
“ old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Bax-
“ ter : but this is the way that all great
“ men forget their friends, though I am re-
“ solved we will not forget you. Our pri-
“ soner, please your honour,” continued
he, turning to Sir William, “ has already
“ confessed all. He declares that it was
“ Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon
“ this affair, that he gave him the cloaths
“ he now wears to appear like a gentle-
“ man, and furnished him with the post-
“ chaise. The plan was laid between them
“ that he should carry off the young lady
“ to a place of safety, and that there he
“ should threaten and terrify her ; but
“ Mr. Thornhill was to come in, in the
“ mean time, as if by accident, to her re-
“ scue, and that they should fight awhile,
“ and then he was to run off, by which
“ Mr. Thornhill would have the better
“ opportunity of gaining her affections
“ himself under the character of her de-
“ fender.”

Sir

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account; concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

“Heavens,” cried Sir William, “what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice too as he seemed to be. But he shall have it; secure him, Mr. Gaoler—yet hold, I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him.”

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that his servants should be examined. — “Your servants,” replied Sir William, “wretch, call them yours no longer: but come let us hear what those fellows have to say, let his butler be called.”

When

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master's looks that all his power was now over. "Tell me," cried Sir William sternly, "have you ever seen your master and that fellow drest up in his cloaths in company together?" "Yes, please your honour," cried the butler, "a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies."—"How," interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, "this to my face!"—"Yes," replied the butler, "or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind."—"Now then," cried Jenkinson, "tell his honour whether you know any thing of me."—"I can't say," replied the butler, "that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you were one of them."—"So then," cried Sir William, "I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence:—"

" cence : thou stain to humanity ! to asso-
 " ciate with such wretches !" (But conti-
 nuing his examination) " You tell me, Mr.
 " Butler, that this was the person who
 " brought him this old gentleman's daugh-
 " ter."—" No, please your honour," re-
 plied the butler, " he did not bring her,
 " for the 'Squire himself undertook that
 " business ; but he brought the priest that
 " pretended to marry them."—" It is but
 " too true," cried Jenkinson, " I cannot
 " deny it, that was the employment af-
 " signed me, and I confess it to my con-
 " fusion."

" Good heavens !" exclaimed the Baro-
 net, " how every new discovery of his vil-
 " lainsy alarms me. All his guilt is now
 " too plain, and I find his present prosecu-
 " tion was dictated by tyranny, cowardice
 " and revenge ; at my request, Mr. Gaoler,
 " set this young officer, now your prisoner,
 " free, and trust to me for the conse-
 " quences. I'll make it my business to set
 " the

“ the affair in a proper light to my friend
“ the magistrate who has committed him.
“ But where is the unfortunate young lady
“ herself: let her appear to confront this
“ wretch, I long to know by what arts he
“ has seduced her honour. Entreat her to
“ come in. Where is she?”

“ Ah, Sir,” said I, “ that question stings
“ me to the heart: I was once indeed
“ happy in a daughter, but her miseries—”
Another interruption here prevented me;
for who should make her appearance but
Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day
to have been married to Mr. Thornhill.
Nothing could equal her surprize at seeing
Sir William and his nephew here before
her; for her arrival was quite accidental.
It happened that she and the old gentle-
man her father were passing through the
town, on their way to her aunt’s, who had
insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thorn-
hill should be consummated at her house;
but stopping for refreshment, they put up
at

at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there from the window that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual; she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprize but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives. How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be cloathed or fed. The peasant must be disposed

disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishings to her beauty. "Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill," cried she to the 'Squire, who she supposed was come here to succour and not to oppress us; "I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both: you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret."

"He

“ He find pleasure in doing good !”
 cried Sir William, interrupting her.
 “ No, my dear, his pleasures are as base
 “ as he is. You see in him, madam, as
 “ complete a villain as ever disgraced hu-
 “ manity. A wretch, who after having
 “ deluded this poor man’s daughter, after
 “ plotting against the innocence of her
 “ sister, has thrown the father into prison,
 “ and the eldest son into fetters, because he
 “ had courage to face his betrayer. And
 “ give me leave, madam, now to congrat-
 “ ulate you upon an escape from the em-
 “ braces of such a monster.”

“ O goodness,” cried the lovely girl,
 “ how have I been deceived ! Mr. Thorn-
 “ hill informed me for certain that this
 “ gentleman’s eldest son, Captain Prim-
 “ rose, was gone off to America with his
 “ new-married lady.”

“ My sweetest miss,” cried my wife,
 “ he has told you nothing but falsehoods.
 “ My

“ My son George never left the kingdom,
“ nor ever was married. Tho’ you have
“ forsaken him, he has always loved you
“ too well to think of any body else; and
“ I have heard him say he would die a
“ bachelor for your sake.” She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son’s passion, she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light, from thence she made a rapid digression to the ’Squire’s debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

“ Good heavens !” cried Miss Wilmot,
“ how very near have I been to the brink
“ of ruin ! But how great is my pleasure
“ to have escaped it ! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me ! He
“ had at last art enough to persuade me
“ that my promise to the only man I
“ esteemed was no longer binding, since he
“ had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods
“ I was taught to detest one equally brave
“ and generous !”

But

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now therefore entered, handsomely drest in his regimentals, and without vanity, (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real—"Sure, madam," cried he, "this is but delusion!"

"I can

“ I can never have merited this! To be
“ blest thus is to be too happy.”—“ No,
“ Sir,” replied she, “ I have been de-
“ ceived, basely deceived, else nothing
“ could have ever made me unjust to my
“ promise. You know my friendship, you
“ have long known it; but forget what I
“ have done, and as you once had my
“ warmest vows of constancy, you shall
“ now have them repeated; and be as-
“ sured that if your Arabella cannot be
“ yours, she shall never be another’s.” —
“ And no other’s you shall be,” cried Sir
William, “ if I have any influence with
“ your father.”

This hint was sufficient for my son Mo-
ses, who immediately flew to the inn where
the old gentleman was, to inform him of
every circumstance that had happened.
But in the mean time the 'Squire' perceiving
that he was on every side undone, now
finding that no hopes were left from flat-
tery and dissimulation, concluded that his
wifest

wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain. "I find
 " then," cried he, " that I am to expect
 " no justice here; but I am resolved it
 " shall be done me. You shall know,
 " Sir," turning to Sir William, " I am no
 " longer a poor dependant upon your fa-
 " vours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep
 " Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which,
 " I thank her father's assiduity, is pretty
 " large. The articles, and a bond for her
 " fortune, are signed, and safe in my pos-
 " session. It was her fortune, not her per-
 " son, that induced me to wish for this
 " match, and possessed of the one, let who
 " will take the other."

This was an alarming blow, Sir William was sensible of the justice of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage articles himself. Miss Wilmot therefore perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son,
 she

she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him. "Though fortune," said she, "is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give."

"And that, madam," cried her real lover, "was indeed all that you ever had to give; at least all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity."

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal; but to

want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat therefore for some minutes employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety.—“ I must
 “ confess, Sir,” cried he, “ that your present disappointment does not entirely dis-
 “ please me. Your immoderate passion
 “ for wealth is now justly punished. But
 “ tho’ the young lady cannot be rich, she
 “ has still a competence sufficient to give
 “ content. Here you see an honest young
 “ soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune; they have long loved each
 “ other, and for the friendship I bear his
 “ father, my interest shall not be wanting
 “ for his promotion. Leave then that ambition which disappoints you, and for
 “ once admit happiness which courts your
 “ acceptance.”

“ Sir William,” replied the old gentleman, “ be assured I never yet forced her
 “ inclinations, nor will I now. If she still
 “ continues to love this young gentleman,
 “ let

“ let her have him with all my heart.
 “ There is still, thank heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it
 “ something more. Only let my old
 “ friend here (meaning me) give me a
 “ promise of settling six thousand pounds
 “ upon my girl, if ever he should come
 “ to his fortune, and I am ready this night
 “ to be the first to join them together.”

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required, which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. “ After all my misfortunes,” cried my son George, “ to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could
 “ ever have presumed to hope for. To be
 “ possessed of all that's good, and after such
 “ an interval of pain! My warmest wishes
 “ could never rise so high!”——“ Yes,

“ my George,” returned his lovely bride,
 “ now let the wretch take my fortune ;
 “ since you are happy without it so am I.
 “ O what an exchange have I made from
 “ the basest of men to the dearest, best !—
 “ Let him enjoy our fortune, I now can be
 “ happy even in indigence.”——“ And I
 “ promise you,” cried the 'Squire, with a
 malicious grin, “ that I shall be very
 “ happy with what you despise.”——
 “ Hold, hold, Sir,” cried Jenkinson, “ there
 “ are two words to that bargain. As for
 “ that lady's fortune, Sir, you shall never
 “ touch a single stiver of it. Pray your
 “ honour,” continued he to Sir William,
 “ can the 'Squire have this lady's fortune
 “ if he be married to another ?”——“ How
 “ can you make such a simple demand,”
 replied the Baronet, “ undoubtedly he can-
 “ not.”——“ I am sorry for that,” cried
 Jenkinson ; “ for as this gentleman and I
 “ have been old fellow sporters, I have a
 “ friendship for him. But I must declare,
 “ well as I love him, that his contract is
 “ not

“not worth a tobacco stopper, for he is
 “married already.”——You lie, like a
 “rascal,” returned the Squire, who seemed
 roused by this insult, “I never was legally
 “married to any woman.”——“Indeed,
 “begging your honour’s pardon,” replied
 the other, “you were; and I hope you will
 “shew a proper return of friendship to
 “your own honest Jenkinson, who brings
 “you a wife, and if the company restrain
 “their curiosity a few minutes, they shall
 “see her.”——So saying he went off with
 his usual celerity, and left us all unable to
 form any probable conjecture as to his de-
 sign.—“Ay let him go,” cried the Squire,
 “whatever else I may have done I defy
 “him there. I am too old now to be
 “frightened with squibs.”

“I am surprised,” said the Baronet,
 “what the fellow can intend by this.
 “Some low piece of humour I suppose!”——
 “Perhaps, Sir,” replied I, “he may have
 “a more serious meaning. For when we
 Q 3 “reflect

“ reflect on the various schemes this gen-
 “ tleman laid to seduce innocence, per-
 “ haps some one, more artful than the rest,
 “ has been found able to deceive him.
 “ When we consider what numbers he has
 “ ruined, how many parents now feel with
 “ anguish the infamy and the contamina-
 “ tion which he has brought into their fa-
 “ milies, it would not surprise me if some
 “ one of them——Amazement! Do I see
 “ my lost daughter! Do I hold her! It is, it
 “ is my life, my happiness. I thought thee
 “ lost, my Olivia, yet still I hold thee——
 “ and still shalt thou live to bless me.”—

The warmest transports of the fondest lo-
 ver were not greater than mine when I saw
 him introduce my child, and held my
 daughter in my arms, whose silence only
 spoke her raptures. “ And art thou re-
 “ turned to me, my darling,” cried I, “ to
 “ be my comfort in age!”——“ That she
 “ is,” cried Jenkinson, “ and make much
 “ of her, for she is your own honourable
 “ child,

“ child, and as honest a woman as any in
“ the whole room, let the other be who
“ she will. And as for you, 'Squire, as
“ sure as you stand there, this young lady
“ is your lawful wedded wife. And to
“ convince you that I speak nothing but
“ truth, here is the licence by which you
“ were married together.” ——— So say-
ing, he put the licence into the Baronet's
hands, who read it, and found it per-
fect in every respect. “ And now, gen-
“ tlemen,” continued he, “ I find you are
“ surprised at all this ; but a few words
“ will explain the difficulty. That there
“ 'Squire of renown, for whom I have a
“ great friendship, but that's between our-
“ selves, has often employed me in doing
“ odd little things for him. Among the
“ rest, he commissioned me to procure him
“ a false licence and a false priest, in order
“ to deceive this young lady. But as I
“ was very much his friend, what did I
“ do but I went and got a true licence and
“ a true priest, and married them both as
“ fast

“ fast as the cloth could make them. Per-
 “ haps you’ll think it was generosity that
 “ made me do all this. But no. To my
 “ shame I confess it, my only design was
 “ to keep the licence, and let the ‘Squire
 “ know that I could prove it upon him
 “ whenever I thought proper, and so make
 “ him come down whenever I wanted mo-
 “ ney.” A burst of pleasure now seemed
 to fill the whole apartment; our joy
 reached even to the common room, where
 the prisoners themselves sympathized,

And shook their chains

In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness expanded upon every face,
 and even Olivia’s cheek seemed flushed
 with pleasure. To be thus restored to re-
 putation, to friends and fortune at once,
 was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress
 of decay and restore former health and vi-
 vacity. But perhaps among all there was
 not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I.

Still

Still holding the dear-loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion. "How could you," cried I, turning to Mr. Jenkinson, "how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death! But it matters not, my pleasure at finding her again, is more than a recompence for the pain.

"As to your question," replied Jenkinson, "that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was by submitting to the 'Squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living; there was therefore no other method to bring things to bear but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now."

In the whole assembly now there only appeared two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him: he now saw the gulph of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, "Thy, vices, crimes, and ingratitude," cried he, "deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken, a bare competence shall be supplied, to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine, and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future." He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the Baronet prevented him by bidding him not to aggravate

vate his meannesses, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to chuse one such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father; my wife too kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem

seem perfectly satisfied. "I think now,"
 cried he, with a smile, "that all the com-
 "pany, except one or two, seem perfectly
 "happy. There only remains an act of
 "justice for me to do. You are sensible,
 "Sir," continued he, turning to me, "of
 "the obligations we both owe Mr. Jen-
 "kinson for his late assiduity in detecting
 "a scoundrel. It is but just we should
 "both reward him for it. Your youngest
 "daughter, Miss Sophia, will, I am sure,
 "make him very happy, and he shall have
 "from me five hundred pounds as her
 "fortune, and upon this I am sure they
 "can live very comfortably together.
 "Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this
 "match of my making? Will you have
 "him?"—My poor girl seemed almost
 "sinking into her mother's arms at the hi-
 "deous proposal."—"Have him, Sir!"
 cried she faintly. "No, Sir, never."—
 "What," cried he again, not have Mr.
 "Jenkinson, your benefactor, an hand-
 "some young fellow, with five hundred
 "pounds

"pounds and good expectations!"—I beg,
 "Sir," returned she, scarce able to speak,
 "that you'll desist, and not make me so
 "very wretched."—"Was ever such
 "obstinacy known," cried he again, "to
 "refuse a man whom the family has such
 "infinite obligations to, who has preserved
 "your sister. What, not have him!"—
 "No, Sir, never," replied she, angrily,
 "I'd sooner die first."—"If that be the
 "case then," cried he, "if you will not
 "have him—I think I must have you my-
 "self." And so saying, he caught her to
 his breast with ardour. "My loveliest,
 "my most sensible of girls," cried he, "how
 "could you ever think your own Burchell
 "could deceive you, or that Sir William
 "Thornhill could ever cease to admire a
 "mistress that loved him for himself alone?
 "I have for some years fought for a wo-
 "man, who, a stranger to my fortune,
 "could think that I had merit as a man.
 "After having tried in vain, even amongst
 "the pert and the ugly, how great at last
 "must

“ must be my rapture to have made a
 “ conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty !” Then turning to Jenkinson, “ As I cannot, Sir, part with
 “ this young lady myself, for she has taken
 “ a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompence I can make is to give you her
 “ fortune; and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds.”

Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sisters had done before. In the mean time Sir William's gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous Baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two

or

or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alteration of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw, and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

C H A P. XIII.

The Conclusion.

THE next morning as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bedside, who came to encrease my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant who had failed in town was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon
this,

this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licences, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned, and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they
still

still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted, That Lady Thornhill, (that was to be) should take the lead; but this, the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, "I perceive," cried I, "that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to day."—This at once reduced them to reason. The Baronet and his Lady were

were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me, but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened

heartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half a guinea a-piece to drink his health and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French-horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus; when we were to sit down to dinner our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question.

was

was whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides, but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed, that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table and carving all the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember, old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, "Madam, I thank you." Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the
two

two miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a chearful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for, all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.



F I N I S.

